

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

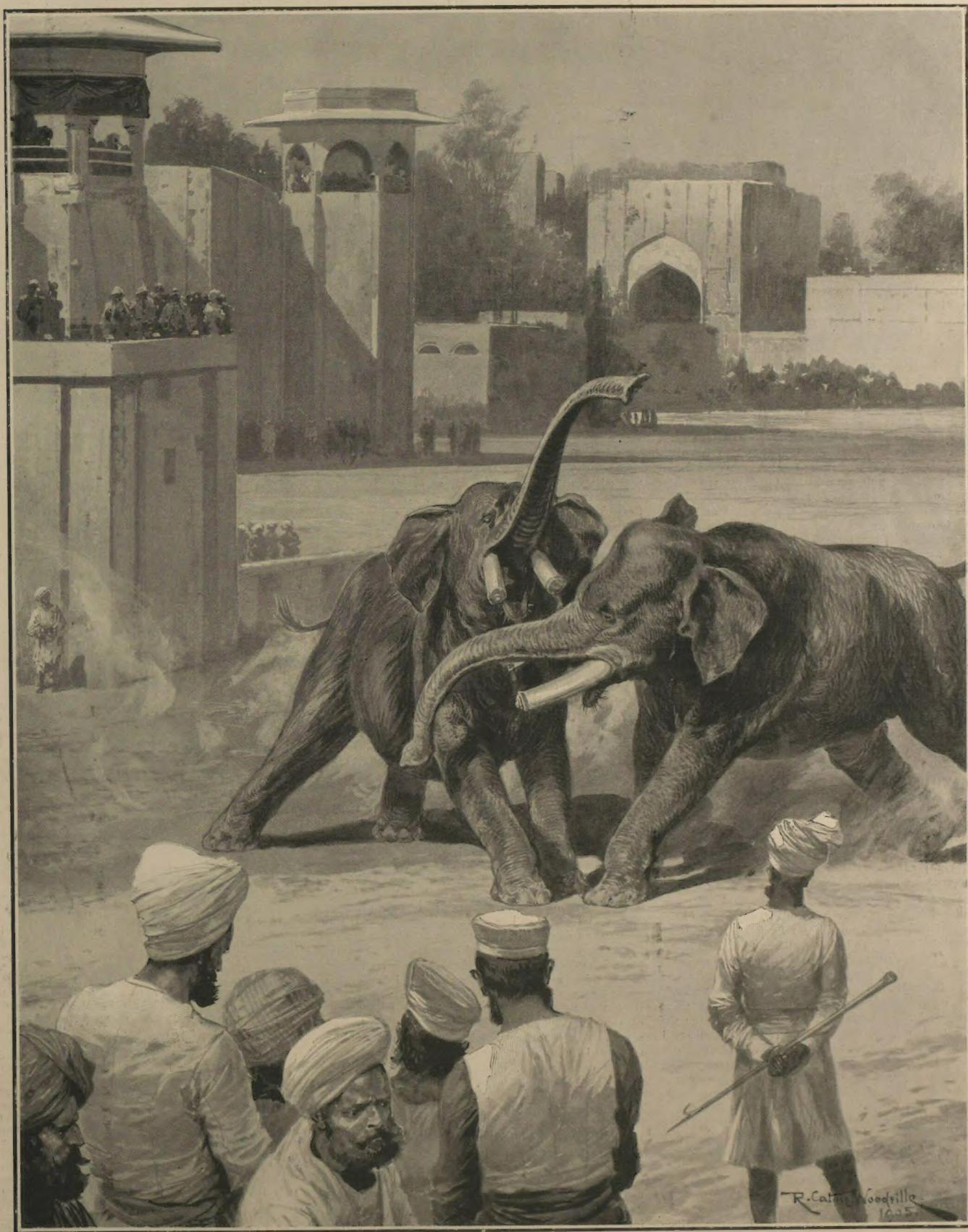
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SIXPENCE

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A PASTIME OF PRINCES IN INDIA: MY LORD THE ELEPHANT AS DUELLIST.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

It is not improbable that the Prince of Wales when he visits Jeypore will see a combat of elephants such as was given in that city before his Royal Highness's late brother, the Duke of Clarence. Two elephants, with blunted tusks, are set at each other and allowed to try conclusions in the lists.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I received a letter the other day asking me what I meant by saying that, when we read another man's statement, we do not read what he says, but only what he means. Of course, this truth is subject to some possible modifications. I admit that if a man sends us a letter written in the ordinary Roman character but composed in Zulu language, it is then very likely that we shall see what he says, but be at some slight loss about what he means. But if a man is writing to us, as I imagine the majority of our correspondents do write to us, not only in a language which we use ourselves, but in an idiom and verbal custom which we use ourselves—if, in short, he is not only using our language, but using our language as we are accustomed to use it—then the general proposition holds good: we see what he means; we do not even see what he says. For instance, the letter probably begins "Dear Sir." Now, if it had begun "Beloved Sir" we should not have known in the least what the man meant. We should merely have been considerably astonished at what he said. Or, if he had begun his letter "Darling Sir," we should in the same way have been very much struck by the actual expression used, but the meaning might not be immediately clear to us, especially if he went on to say that unless a remittance was immediately forthcoming, he should be obliged to put the matter in the hands of solicitors. You and I receive these threatening letters by every post; they choke up the front passage; yet it never occurs to us that there is anything funny in the fact that the man begins by describing us as "dear." This is because we never actually read the word "dear" at all. We do not read what the man says; we only read what he means. And what he means when he says "Dear Sir" is not in the least what he says. What he means is, "Because I consider you an atrocious brigand and a disgrace to human society, that is no reason why I, in addressing you, should omit the customary ceremonials of a citizen and a civilised man." I trust this rough example will serve to illustrate the point which puzzled my correspondent. Many others, of course, might be given. I myself, for instance, can never manage to use the ordinary salutations such as "How are you?" or "Very well, thank you!" as if they had any meaning at all. I use them in an entirely ceremonial sense. If both my legs had been shot off by a cannon-ball and both my eyes blown out of my head with a bombshell, and my right arm lopped off with a sabre, and if the General of the opposing army were to pause opposite me and, nodding in a friendly way, were to say, "How do you do?" if I had any feeble voice to answer with, I should say, "Very well, thank you." Similarly, if I had cut him up with a great sword and left him lying about the place in pieces, I should put to him the ritual query, and if he did not answer "Very well, thank you," I should be enormously surprised. In the same way, when I meet men in the pouring rain I always say, "A fine day," and sometimes they disagree with me, which upsets me a great deal. But this is all individual. The main point is, that when men live together in a society they soon learn the significance which the mass of that society attaches to certain words or phrases. They soon learn to pay attention to what people mean; and they soon learn to pay no attention whatever to what people say.

A child came up to me a day or two ago (on the fourth of November, to be precise) and asked for alms, not with a mere selfish appeal to my pity, but with resonant, indeed partly metrical, appeal to my historic and Protestant sentiment. The child had golden hair, of course, and blue, ethereal eyes which were pathetic, in spite of their profound trustfulness. But his refined and oval face, together with his angelic smile, were somewhat obscured by his wearing an enormous artificial nose, which seemed to give him a great amount of pleasure. The rest of his paraphernalia was common, one may say, to all religions and ceremonies. Fireworks are of the nature of many other human rites: for fire is the essence of nearly all ritual. To burn something, to make a blaze, is one of the most natural outcomes of strong conviction of any sort. Faith exhibits itself in works, and above all in fireworks. To set fire to a thing is perfectly right, especially when we are celebrating some great principle; but do not set fire to the other man: the other man seldom burns well. Fireworks, then, I could understand; and, seeing a few boys playing with squibs, I knew that behind them, in historic reality, rose the towering flames from all the old altars of the earth. The Guy also is quite natural. He is simply the idol: the thing which wild human creatures (and tame human creatures too) make from some dark impulse to realise their own bad dreams. The South Sea Island deities are of this class, and the artistic posters of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. Savages and modern artists are alike—strangely driven to create something uglier than themselves. But the artists find it harder. The Guy, then, is simply a Guy: he is 'ugliness for ugliness' sake. He goes with cannibalism and human sacrifice and the pessimistic minor poets, and all the many forms

of devil-worship. But why a false nose? What is the significance of that? I do not seem to remember that among any of the former religious celebrations of mankind. What can it mean? Does it represent some abnormal power of vigilance of the senses called forth by the famous danger of the Gunpowder Plot? Is it intended that when the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons suddenly smelt gunpowder, his nose swelled to these enormous proportions with the effort of detecting it?

Or did the search-party of the House of Commons all specially assume patent iron noses for the purpose of protecting themselves against the fumes of the possible explosion? In any case, the artificial nose has evidently become ritual. As a matter of fact, it is not much more unreasonable than many other ritual disguises. The enormous pink proboscis which I saw the little boy wearing was not very like his real nose, I imagine. But the false nose was much more like his real nose than a Judge's wig, for instance, is like a Judge's real hair, when he has any. Nobody, I suppose, imagines that Mr. Justice Darling, let us say, has snow-white locks streaming down to his arm-pits, which are combed and curled into the form of the faultless head-dress which he wears. So that, after all, there might be a reasonable chance for the false nose as a piece of public formality. When a Judge was about to make some dreadful decision, he might put on a Roman nose instead of the black cap. A public speaker might produce the ornament at some sensational moment of his mounting rhetoric. When he said, for instance, "We must add to our policy some new and bold feature," he might produce the nose suddenly from his trousers pocket. When he said, "The whole face of our behaviour must be changed," he might with a sudden gesture startlingly change it. Then there might be such a thing as an ordered and systematic party significance in noses. How gratifying it would be if, as a consequence of the widespread and considerable excitement produced by the erection and celebration of the Gladstone statue, the finest feature of the Gladstone physiognomy were made a matter *de rigueur*! How delightful it would be if no Liberal politician were allowed to appear in public without his Gladstone nose! How greatly this would alter the appearance of Mr. John Burns! How enormously it would improve the appearance of Mr. Winston Churchill! And then think how it would operate upon the other side in politics. Would the sharp Chamberlain nose be sold, with an eye-glass attached? Would it really be popular with Tariff Reformers? Would Mr. Chaplin, for instance, who happens to have been given by Nature an exceedingly fine nose, be really satisfied with this Imperial substitute? But I am plunging into matters beyond my depth.

It is a part of the unchanging mystery of man that the nose sounds funny. I cannot imagine why, but all the other essentials of the human face have entirely solemn associations. If one speaks of eyes as such we do not think of "Two Lovely Black Eyes," or any degraded context; we think of the lady's eyes which are like stars in some Cavalier's sonnet. When one speaks of the mouth we do not think of grinning through a horse-collar; we think of some such thing as "the mouth of gold," the name by which we still remember a Father of the Church, St. Chrysostom. But the nose seems to lack legends. No Cavalier sonnet speaks of the lady's nose as being like a star. No great saint of the Church (within my limited hagiological knowledge) is popularly known as "the nose of gold." The amatory poets have not even found a metaphor for the human nose. The ear, we know, resembles a shell. It does not resemble a shell in the least, as a matter of fact; but the resemblance is close enough for the thing to have become formal in poetry. The eye, in the same way, is like a star. Actually, nothing could possibly be more unlike a star; but the resemblance is established. I learn from some poets that a lady's mouth is like a bow. It is about as much like a bow as it is like a Lee-Metford rifle; but the comparison does exist in literature. Nobody, however, has even suggested any nasal comparison. Apparently there is nothing in earth or heaven, nothing from the lowest fishes to the farthest stars, that bears even an approximate resemblance to the female nose. And I think that this instinct is right. I have tried to think of something that is like the female nose, but with very indifferent success. No less than four things suggested themselves as comparisons—but upon mature consideration, I will not state what they were.

These are very idle meditations that have led me away from my little friend with the false nose. There is, in all seriousness, something almost infinitely strange and solemn about the tercentenary of the Guy Fawkes plot ending in this preposterous proboscis. Commit a sin, one of the monstrous and suffocating sins that stifled the Court of James—commit a sin, and you may be damned for it, but humanity will not be damned for it. A few centuries after, it will only be remembered as an opportunity for wearing a large cardboard nose.

MUSIC.

"MEFISTOFELE," AT COVENT GARDEN—CONCERTS
AT QUEEN'S HALL.

As we were leaving a famous Italian opera-house after the performance of "Mefistofele" a few years ago, a friend came up and remarked, "This is one of the operas that London will not hear, is it not?" We replied evasively, speaking of the cost of adequate mounting, the difficulties of the Brocken Scene, the expense of two *prime donne*—in Italy the parts of Marguerite and Helen are seldom doubled—and wound up by pointing out that the cost of production is much greater in London than in Italy. At the Costanzi or Scala or San Carlo the successful opera can be put on the stage a dozen times or more in the season; at Covent Garden few operas can be given half-a-dozen times in thirteen weeks.

However, the reproach has been removed from London, and "Mefistofele" has been revived in fashion that would do credit to the spring season. The scenery is excellent if we except Martha's garden, which was hardly planted in Germany; the dressing is capital, and the arrangement of the ballets is certainly quite as good as anything seen at Covent Garden these many years. The orchestra deals delightfully with the score. Signor Mugnone's intimacy with Boito's work is well known, and stands him in good stead. The singers were at their best.

Madame Giachetti, who sang both the Marguerite and Helen music, was quite in her finest voice, and realised the double parts in a manner that delighted her most critical admirers. Equally striking and dramatic in one aspect, and well sung in the other, was the Mefistofele of Signor Didur, who, while he proved himself a capable artist at the beginning of the season, has never had the chance that Boito's opera brought him. The house was generous in its approval of his work, which is bound to help the opera to its proper place in popular favour. It has much to fight against. If Boito had enjoyed the services of a librettist who would not have been tempted to go beyond the proper limits of the stage, we should not have a series of almost disconnected tableaux to accept in place of a play; and though the book is beautifully written, its literary merits are naturally overlooked in an English opera-house. At the same time the composer deserves undying credit for his effort to present Goethe's treatment of the Faust story, that most fascinating product of the sixteenth century. Gounod's opera presents a fragment beautifully. Boito gives a brief glimpse at the story in its entirety, wedded to some of the most beautiful music we know. Rehearsals of Gounod's work are well-nigh complete, and efforts are being made to produce "Andrea Chenier" to-night.

The concert season has begun in earnest, both the Queen's Hall and London Symphony Orchestras having given their first concert of the season. Dr. Richard Strauss led Mr. Henry Wood's musicians through the tangled maze of the "Sinfonia Domestica," which has secured a measure of popularity rather in excess of its merits; and the other special feature of the Queen's Hall Symphony Concert was the performance of the sixth of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos, played for the first time in England, the parts for the viola da braccio and viola da gamba being transferred to violas and 'cellos in three parts. M. Jacques Renard played the 'cello solo in the adagio from Beethoven's "Prometheus" very well indeed. Dr. Richter has conducted the first London Symphony concert, and deserved all the applause that greeted him. His amazing intimacy with great scores cannot be discussed adequately without a very riot of superlatives. Whether the master be Wagner or Beethoven or Brahms, Hans Richter seems to be able to wear the composer's mantle for the time being, to enter into his most secret thoughts, to secure a rendering of the music that seems to leave no sense unsatisfied, and to stimulate our sense of beauty and our imagination in fashion that no other living conductor can quite rival. Other men exhibit complete mastery over the work of one or even two great composers; but to Dr. Richter all music of the first rank seems to possess an equal appeal. And, on account of the great conductor's attitude towards it, we are content to believe that Dr. Richard Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" has qualities that justify its inclusion in the programme of the London Symphony Orchestra.

MASSACRES IN ODESSA.

It is an unfortunate fact that when Russia is suffering most, the governing classes deliberately encourage the lowest orders of the big cities to indulge in Jew-baiting. In the past week terrible massacres in Odessa and Kieff have added to the deep disgrace that rests upon Russia's Government. It is difficult to deal in detail with the horrid outrages to which the Tsar's Jewish subjects have been subjected; but it is said that in Odessa alone no fewer than six thousand men, women, and children have been killed or wounded, and throughout the whole Odessa district agitators have been sent to the villages telling them that the Imperial ukase has been published commanding the extermination of all Jews. These anti-Semitic riots have extended to Mogileff, Elizabethgrad, Kazan, Rostoff-on-the-Don, Riga, and many other places. Elsewhere in Russia the reformers and the soldiers are fighting hand to hand in the streets. The Tsar's manifesto has done something to restore tranquillity to Finland, but the Finns are said to be armed, and, as far as can be seen from a great distance, the Tsar is found once more in two minds, one section of his advisers leaning towards severity and the maintenance in power of men like Treppoff, others suggesting milder methods, to which it is clear the Revolutionists will not respond. Count Witte has already sent a revised draft of the electoral laws to the Council of the Empire, but it is to be feared that he will not be in time to restore order. It is very significant that his endeavours to stop the anti-Jewish movement have been entirely unsuccessful. Local Governors who have received orders to maintain the peace have deliberately ignored them.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Prince Arthur of Connaught, who has been appointed by the King to convey the Order of the Garter to the Emperor of Japan, is twenty-two years of age. Since 1903 he has been a Lieutenant in the 7th Hussars. On the death of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Prince Arthur refused to become a German Prince, and thus made way for his cousin, the Duke of Albany, now Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha,

whose heir presumptive he is. Prince Arthur represented the King at the marriage of the German Crown Prince.

Sir Edward Elgar, the composer, has been asked by the City of Hereford to become its Mayor. Sir Edward is a resident of the town,



Photo. Lafayette.

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT,
TO CONVEY THE GARTER TO THE MIKADO.

forms of outdoor sport. He married, in 1899, the Lady Cecil Victoria Constance, daughter of the Marquess of Lothian, and is now in his fortieth year.

The Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, the Rev. Charles John Ridgeway, has been appointed Dean of Carlisle. He is an old Pauline and a graduate of Trinity, Cambridge, of which college he was an exhibitioner in 1863. In 1866 he was ordained deacon, and in the following year he took priest's orders. His first curacy was in his father's parish of Tunbridge Wells, and from 1868 to 1875 he was Vicar of North Malvern, and afterwards became the Rector of Buckhurst. Among many subsequent appointments were the incumbencies of St. Paul's, Edinburgh, and of St. Mary's, Glasgow. In 1884 he succeeded Dr. Boyd Carpenter at Lancaster Gate. The new Dean is a Moderate



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE REV. C. J. RIDGEWAY,
NEW DEAN OF CARLISLE.

Churchman. His brother is the Bishop of Kensington.

THE WIVES OF THE
UNEMPLOYED.

On Monday last Mr. Balfour received representatives of London's unemployed at the offices of the Local Government Board in Whitehall, and in connection with the deputation a demonstration was organised by the London Trades Council and the Poplar Trades and Labour Representation Committee. The crowd began to gather on the Embankment about an hour before noon, and numbered between four and five thousand people, mostly women. While this great gathering filled the streets, the Premier received a small deputation representing the suffering districts in the South and East of London. Mr. Lansbury asked that Parliament should be summoned, and Mrs. Woods, of Poplar, spoke at length of the existing distress. In reply, Mr. Balfour pointed out the extreme difficulty of dealing with the labour trouble on the lines suggested by the deputation.

During the past week two political addresses of some importance have been delivered by prominent statesmen. At Birmingham Town Hall Mr. Chamberlain addressed his constituents in a fighting speech of the familiar kind. With customary frankness, he declared



Photo. Weston.

MR. ALDERMAN VAUGHAN MORGAN,
NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

is needless to detail here the rise of the Association, of which the founder has always remained a leading spirit. In 1880 Mr. Williams brought about the purchase of Exeter Hall, towards which he himself contributed £5000; and at the Jubilee of the organisation, in 1894, he was knighted by Queen Victoria, on the recommendation of Lord Rosebery.

his title and estates by his son, the Hon. J. W. Scott Montagu, who represents the New Forest Division of

that he would like to see a General Election at once, because the great Unionist Party was marking time when it ought to be fighting the enemy. For his own part, he would rather be one of a powerful minority than of an impotent majority.

The Unionist Party, he declared, had a programme that comprised a great social reform; they wanted the power of retaliation against those who treated us badly and power of giving preference to those who treated us well. Already they had shaken the idol of free imports to its base. The alliances with France and Japan were excellent things, but there was something yet to do, and that was to make the Empire self-sufficient. At the Junior Constitutional Club, Lord Lansdowne, guest at a congratulatory banquet given in his honour on the occasion of the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, justified the attitude of the Government in refusing to leave office on the occasion of the adverse vote in July last. He pointed out that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was then in the making, and other questions of foreign affairs of the first importance demanded the quality of continuity in policy that a General Election must have hazarded.

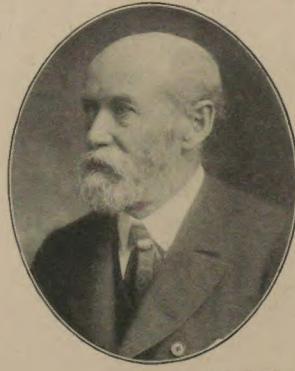
THE LATE SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS,
FOUNDER OF THE YMCA.

On Saturday morning last Lord Montagu of Beaulieu died at Palace House, his Hampshire seat. He was seventy-three years old. Educated at Eton, the late peer married the youngest daughter of Lord Wharncliffe in 1865. He was then sitting in the House of Commons for Selkirkshire. A friend of Benjamin Disraeli and the late Lord Salisbury, Lord Montagu took an active interest in many matters of foreign policy, particularly those relating to Egypt, though he had many home ties, and was the master of several beautiful estates. A great authority upon questions of forestry, he was official Verderer of the New Forest for many years, and was offered the Lord-Lieutenancy of Hampshire when Lord Northbrook died last year. In addition



Photo. Beresford.

Hampshire in the House of Commons. The new peer is well known as an athlete and an authority upon several



THE LATE LORD MONTAGU.

THE WIVES OF THE UNEMPLOYED AT WESTMINSTER.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



"WORK FOR OUR MEN, BREAD FOR OUR CHILDREN": TYPES OF THE DEPUTATION TO MR. BALFOUR, NOVEMBER 6.

Not since the strange procession of little matchmakers to protest against Mr. Lowe's match tax has such a curious demonstration been seen at Westminster as that of November 6, when about 5000 wives and children of the unemployed escorted a deputation to wait on the Prime Minister, to ask him to consider their distress. The subject is dealt with on another page.

WITH CAMERA AND NOTE-BOOK



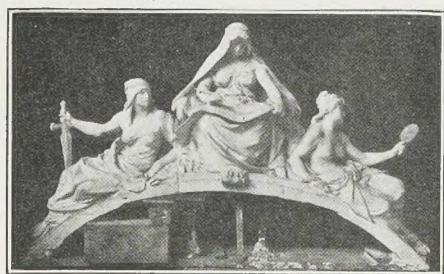
Photo, Park.
A DISTRICT RAILWAY INNOVATION: THE ELECTRIC TIME TABLE.
There has just been fitted up at the District Railway stations a most ingenious electrically lighted time table, giving the trains, their destination, and their time of arrival at each station.



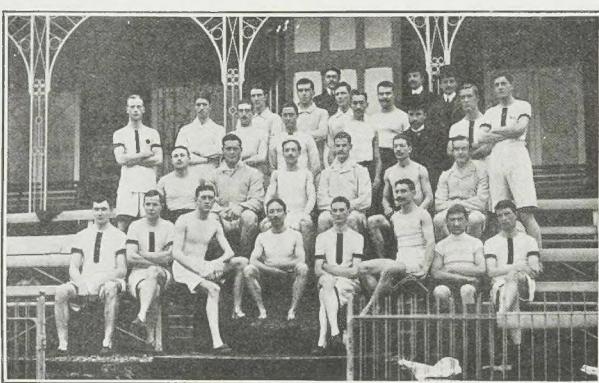
Advance Photo.
THE STATUE OF JUSTICE FOR THE
NEW OLD BAILEY.

The statue is 20 feet high, and is 15 feet across the arms. It will surmount the dome.

IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

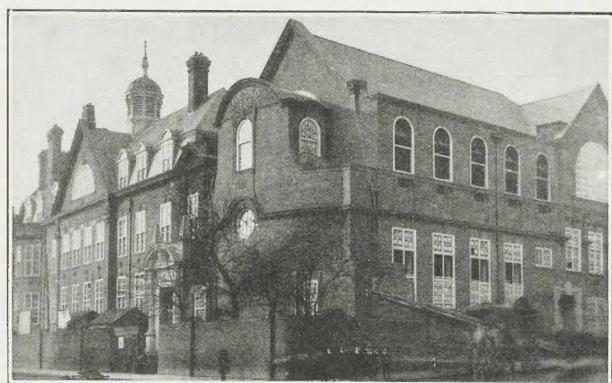


Advance Photo.
SIXTY TONS OF STONE IN STATUARY.
The group will be placed over the entrance of the new buildings of the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey. The doorway is close to the old place of public execution.



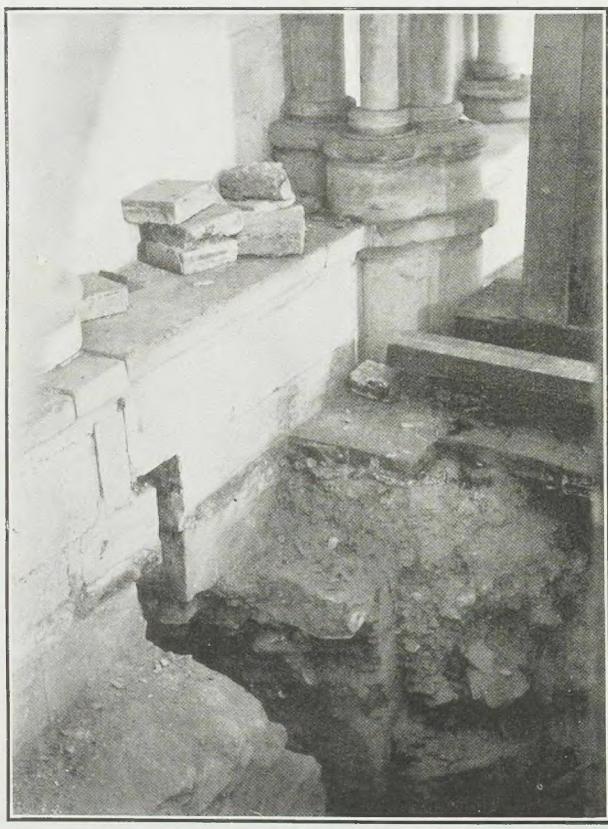
Photo, Topical.
FRENCH ATHLETES AT CAMBRIDGE: THE RACING CLUB DE FRANCE
AND TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

The Frenchmen met Trinity College on the University Ground on November 4 and were beaten by six contests to three. L. de Fleury won the two miles for the Frenchmen, and in the half-mile and the high jump the visitors were also victorious.



THE NEW WORKING-MEN'S COLLEGE AT CAMDEN TOWN, SUCCESSION TO THE
OLD BUILDING IN GREAT ORMOND STREET.

The institution to which the new building belongs has removed from the small house in Great Ormond Street, where it was begun fifty years ago, and had the help of F. D. Maurice, Hughes, Kingsley, and Ruskin. The new house is to be opened by Sir William Anson.

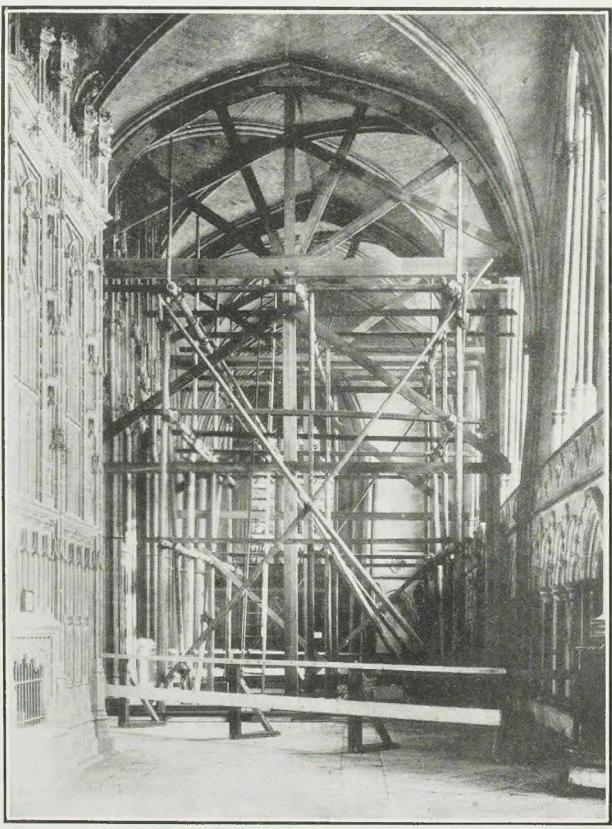


A RENT IN THE FOUNDATIONS.

A CATHEDRAL IN SPLINTS: THE SUSDENCE AT WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL AND EMERGENCY PRESERVATION WORKS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. T. GREEN

The Dean and Chapter of Winchester have now received reports from their architectural and engineering experts upon the subsidence which threatens the Cathedral. The most serious mischief is in the south wall of the Presbytery, and has been going on for four hundred years. A bed of soft marl is the cause; but a solid stratum of gravel has been found, and the structure will be underpinned. The works will cost at least £20,000, and the Dean, the Rev. W. M. Furneaux, will be glad to receive subscriptions.



TEMPORARY SUPPORTS IN THE INTERIOR.

FOUND AT LAST: AN INCIDENT OF HIND SHOOTING.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



DEAD AFTER A BRAVE STRUGGLE TO GET AWAY.

The hind, if not shot outright, generally makes for water, pursued by the small hounds that are trained to mark her down. Not infrequently the quarry dies in a very inaccessible place, and costs the sportsman long hours of search.

WINTER CRICKET FOR WOMEN: THE INDOOR PITCHES AT THE ST. BRIDE'S INSTITUTE.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLÈRE.



A CRICKET-GROUND ABOVE A BATH: A WOMEN'S DAY AT THE ST. BRIDE'S INSTITUTE.

In winter the swimming-bath at the St. Bride's Institute is planked over, and the floor thus formed is divided lengthwise by a net, and used as two indoor cricket 'pitches' by the men and women of the club alternately. The stumps are made of black indiarubber, fixed on a solid white board, and when the ball hits them it sets up an electric connection and rings a bell. There is no disputing this umpire.

THE BEST MAN.

By EDITH WHARTON.

Illustrated by R. PANNETT.

This story was one of the leading contributions to "Collier's Weekly" Short Story Contest. Although it failed to take a prize, it was one of the nine manuscripts considered in the determination of the final award. Senator Lodge, one of the judges, said of it: "In my opinion, 'The Best Man' was by far the best story offered, and I would have given it first place."

The £1000 prize story appears in our Christmas Number, ready November 27.

DUSK had fallen, and the circle of light shed by the lamp on Governor Mornway's writing-table just rescued from the surrounding dimness his own imposing bulk, thrown back in a deep chair in the lounging attitude habitual to him at that hour.

When the Governor of Midsylvania rested he rested completely. Five minutes earlier he had been bowed over his office desk, an Atlas with the State on his shoulders; now, his working hours over, he had the air of a man who has spent his day in desultory pleasure, and means to end it in the enjoyment of a good dinner. This freedom from care threw into relief the hovering fidgetiness of his sister, Mrs. Nimick, who, just outside the circle of lamplight, haunted the warm gloom of the hearth, from which the wood fire now and then shot up an exploring flash into her face.

Mrs. Nimick's presence did not usually minister to repose; but the Governor's serenity was too deep to be easily disturbed, and he felt the calmness of a man who knows there is a mosquito in the room, but has drawn the netting close about his head. This calmness reflected itself in the accent with which he said, throwing himself back to smile up at his sister: "You know I am not going to make any appointments for a week."

It was the day after the great reform victory which had put John Mornway for the second time at the head of his State, a triumph compared with which even the mighty battle of his first election sank into insignificance, and he leaned back with the sense of unassailable placidity which follows upon successful effort. Mrs. Nimick murmured an apology. "I didn't understand—I saw in this morning's papers that the Attorney-General was re-appointed."

"Oh, Fleetwood—his reappointment was involved in the campaign. He's one of the principles I represent!"

Mrs. Nimick smiled a little tartly. "It seems odd to some people to think of Mr. Fleetwood in connection with principles."

The Governor's smile had no answering acerbity; the mention of his Attorney-General's name had set his blood humming with the thrill of the fight, and he wondered how it was that Fleetwood had not already been in to clasp hands with him over their triumph.

"No," he said good-humouredly, "two years ago Fleetwood's name didn't stand for principles of any sort; but I believed in him, and look what he's done for me! I thought he was too big a man not to see in time that statesmanship is a finer thing than practical politics, and now that I've given him a chance to make the discovery, he's on the way to becoming just such a statesman as the country needs."

"Oh, it's a great deal easier and pleasanter to believe in people," replied Mrs. Nimick, in a tone full of occult allusion, "and, of course, we all knew that Mr. Fleetwood would have a hearing before anyone else."

The Governor took this imperturbably. "Well, at any rate, he isn't going to fill all the offices in the State; there will probably be one or two to spare after he has helped himself, and when the time comes I'll think over your man; I'll consider him."

Mrs. Nimick brightened. "It would make such a difference to Jack—it might mean anything to the poor boy to have Mr. Ashford appointed!"

The Governor held up a warning hand.

"Oh, I know one mustn't say that, or at least you mustn't listen. You're so dreadfully afraid of nepotism,

But I'm not asking for anything for Jack—I have never asked for a crust for any of us, thank Heaven! No one can point to me—" Mrs. Nimick checked herself suddenly and continued in a more impersonal tone: "But there's no harm, surely, in my saying a word for Mr. Ashford, when I know that he's actually under consideration, and I don't see why the fact that Jack is in his office should prevent my speaking."

"On the contrary," said the Governor, "it implies, on your part, a personal knowledge of Mr. Ashford's qualifications which may be of great help to me in reaching a decision."

Mrs. Nimick never quite knew how to meet him when he took that tone, and the flickering fire made her face for a moment the picture of uncertainty; then at all hazards she launched out, "Well, I have Ella's promise, at any rate."

The Governor sat upright. "Ella's promise?"

but she doesn't think they can affect the distribution of offices."

Mrs. Nimick gathered up her furs with an air at once crestfallen and resentful. "I'm sorry—I always seem to say the wrong thing. I'm sure I came with the best intentions—it's natural that your sister should want to be with you at such a happy moment."

"Of course, it is, my dear," exclaimed the Governor genially, as he rose to grasp the hands with which she was nervously adjusting her wraps.

Mrs. Nimick, who lived a little way out of town, and whose visits to her brother were apparently achieved at the cost of immense effort and mysterious complications, had come to congratulate him on his victory, and to sound him regarding the nomination to a coveted post of the lawyer in whose firm her eldest son was a clerk. In the urgency of the latter errand she had rather lost sight of the former, but her face softened as the Governor, keeping both her hands in his, said in the voice which always seemed to put the most generous interpretation on her motives, "I was sure you would be one of the first to give me your blessing."

"Oh, your success—no one feels it more than I do!" sighed Mrs. Nimick, always at home in the emotional key. "I keep in the background, I make no noise, I claim no credit, but whatever happens, no one shall ever prevent my rejoicing in my brother's success!"

Mrs. Nimick's felicitations were always couched in the conditional, with a side-glance at dark contingencies, and the Governor, smiling at the familiar construction, returned cheerfully, "I don't see why any one should want to deprive you of that privilege."

"They couldn't—they couldn't—" Mrs. Nimick heroically affirmed.

"Well, I'm in the saddle for another two years at any rate, so you had better put in all the rejoicing you can."

"Whatever happens—whatever happens!" cried Mrs. Nimick, melting on his bosom.

"The only thing likely to happen at present is that you will miss your train if I let you go on saying nice things to me much longer."

Mrs. Nimick at this dried her eyes, renewed her clutch on her draperies, and stood glancing sentimentally about the room while her brother rang for the carriage.

"I take away a lovely picture of you," she murmured. "It's wonderful what you've made of this hideous house!"

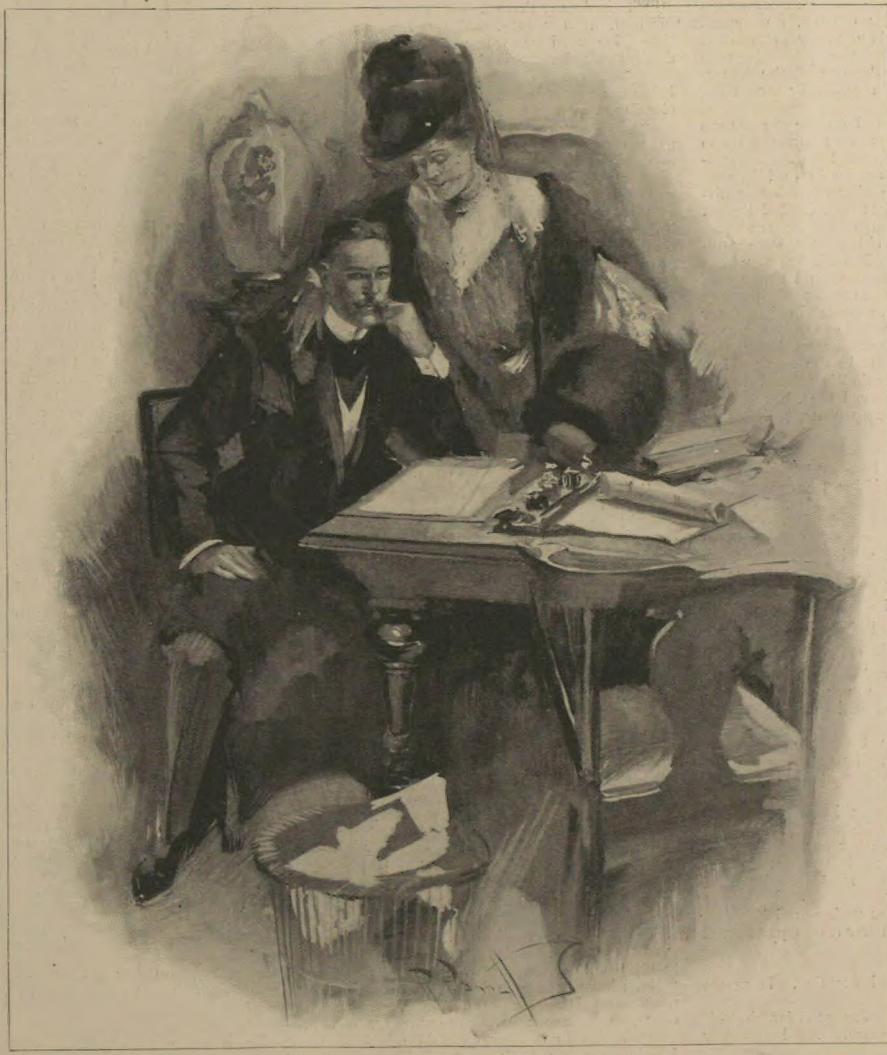
"Ah, not I, but Ella—there she does reign undisputed," he acknowledged, following her glance about the library, which wore an air of permanent habitation, of slowly formed intimacy with its inmates, in marked contrast to the gaudy impersonality of the usual executive apartment.

"Oh, she's wonderful, quite wonderful. I see she has got those imported damask curtains she was looking at the other day at Fielding's. When I am asked how she does it at all, I always say it's beyond me!" Mrs. Nimick murmured.

"It's an art like another," smiled the Governor. "Ella has been used to living in tents, and she has the knack of giving them a wonderful look of permanence."

"She certainly makes the most extraordinary bargains—all the knack in the world won't take the place of such curtains and carpets."

"Are they good? I'm glad to hear it. But all the good curtains and carpets won't make a house comfortable to live in. There's where the knack comes in, you see."



"Then you don't believe in Ashford?"

"To back me up. She thoroughly approves of him!" The Governor smiled. "You talk as if Ella had a political salon and distributed *lettres de cachet*! I'm glad she approves of Ashford; but if you think my wife makes my appointments for me—" He broke off with a laugh at the superfluity of such a protest.

Mrs. Nimick reddened. "One never knows how you will take the simplest thing. What harm is there in my saying that Ella approves of Mr. Ashford? I thought you liked her to take an interest in your work."

"I like it immensely. But I shouldn't care to have it take that form."

"What form?"

"That of promising to use her influence to get people appointed. But you always talk of politics in the vocabulary of European Courts. Thank Heaven, Ella has less imagination. She has her sympathies, of course,

He recalled with a shudder the lean Congressional years—the years before his marriage—when Mrs. Nimick had lived with him in Washington, and the daily struggle in the House had been combined with domestic conflicts almost equally recurrent. The offer of a foreign mission, though disconnecting him from active politics, had the advantage of freeing him from his sister's tutelage, and in Europe, where he remained for two years, he had met the lady who was to become his wife. Mrs. Renfield was the widow of one of the diplomats who languish in perpetual first secretarieships at our various embassies. Her life had given her ease without triviality, and a sense of the importance of politics seldom found in ladies of her nationality. She regarded a public life as the noblest and most engrossing of careers, and combined with great social versatility an equal gift for reading blue-books and studying debates. So sincere was the latter taste that she passed without regret from the amenities of a European life well stocked with picturesque intimacies to the rawness of the Midsylvanian capital. She helped Mornway in his fight for the Governorship as a man likes to be helped by a woman—by her tact, her good looks, her memory for faces, her knack of saying the right thing to the right person, and her capacity for obscure hard work in the background of his public activity. But, above all, she helped him by making his private life smooth and harmonious. For a man careless of personal ease, Mornway was singularly alive to the domestic amenities. Attentive service, well-ordered dinners, brightly burning fires, and a scent of flowers in the house—these material details, which had come to seem the extension of his wife's personality, the inevitable result of her nearness, were as agreeable to him after five years of marriage as in the first surprise of his introduction to them. Mrs. Nimick had kept house jerkily and vociferously; Ella performed the same task silently and imperceptibly, and the results were all in favour of the latter method. Though neither the Governor nor his wife had large means, the household, under Mrs. Mornway's guidance, took on an air of sober luxury as agreeable to her husband as it was exasperating to her sister-in-law. The domestic machinery ran without a jar. There were no upheavals, no debts, no squallid cookless hiatuses between intervals of showy hospitality; the household moved along on lines of quiet elegance and comfort, behind which only the eye of the house-keeping sex could have detected a gradually increasing scale of expense.

Such an eye was now projected on the Governor's surroundings, and its explorations were summed up in the tone in which Mrs. Nimick repeated from the threshold, "I always say I don't see how she does it!"

The tone did not escape the Governor, but it disturbed him no more than the buzz of a baffled insect. Poor Grace! It was not his fault if her husband was given to chimerical investments, if her sons were "unsatisfactory," and her cooks would not stay with her; but it was natural that these facts should throw into irritating contrast the ease and harmony of his own domestic life. It made him all the sorrier for his sister to know that her envy did not penetrate to the essence of his happiness, but lingered on those external signs of well-being which counted for so little in the sum total of his advantages. Poor Mrs. Nimick's life seemed doubly thin and mean when one remembered that, beneath its shabby surface, there were no compensating riches of the spirit.

II.

It was the custodian of his own hidden treasure who at this moment broke in upon his musings. Mrs. Mornway, fresh from her afternoon walk, entered the room with that air of ease and lightness which seemed to diffuse a social warmth about her; fine, slender, pliant, so polished and modelled by an intelligent experience of life that youth seemed clumsy in her presence. She looked down at her husband and shook her head.

"You promised to keep the afternoon to yourself, and I hear Grace has been here."

"Poor Grace—she didn't stay long, and I should have been a brute not to see her."

He leaned back, filling his gaze to the brim with her charming image, which obliterated at a stroke the fretful ghost of Mrs. Nimick.

"She came to congratulate you, I suppose?"

"Yes, and to ask me to do something for Ashford."

"Ah—on account of Jack. What does she want for him?"

The Governor laughed. "She said you were in her confidence—that you were backing her up. She seemed to think your support would ensure her success."

Mrs. Mornway smiled; her smile, always full of delicate implications, seemed to caress her husband while it gently mocked his sister.

"Poor Grace! I supposed you undid her."

"As to your influence? I told her it was paramount where it ought to be."

"And where is that?"

"In the choice of carpets and curtains. It seems ours are almost too good."

"Thanks for the compliment! Too good for what?"

"Our station in life, I suppose. At least they seemed to bother Grace."

"Poor Grace! I've always bothered her." She paused, removing her gloves reflectively and laying her long fine hands on his shoulders as she stood behind him. "Then you don't believe in Ashford?" Feeling his slight start, she drew away her hands and raised them to detach her veil.

"What makes you think I don't believe in Ashford?" he asked.

"I asked out of curiosity. I wondered whether you had decided anything."

"No, and I don't mean to for a week. I'm dead beat, and I want to bring a fresh mind to the question. There is hardly one appointment I'm sure of except, of course, Fleetwood's."

She turned away from him, smoothing her hair in the mirror above the mantelpiece. "You're sure of that?" she asked after a moment.

"Of George Fleetwood? And poor Grace thinks you are deep in my counsels! I am as sure of

reappointing Fleetwood as I am that I have just been re-elected myself. I've never made any secret of the fact that if they wanted me back they must have him too."

"You are tremendously generous!" she murmured.

"Generous? What a strange word to use! Fleetwood is my trump card—the one man I can count on to carry out my ideas through thick and thin."

She mused on this, smiling a little. "That's why I call you generous—when I remember how you disliked him two years ago."

"What of that? I was prejudiced against him, I own; or rather, I had a just distrust of a man with such a past. But how splendidly he's wiped it out! What a record he has written on the new leaf he promised to turn over if I gave him the chance! Do you know?" the Governor interrupted himself with a pleasantly reminiscent laugh, "I was rather annoyed with Grace when she hinted that you had promised to back up Ashford—I told her you didn't aspire to distribute patronage. But she might have reminded me—if she'd known—that it was you who persuaded me to give Fleetwood that chance."

Mrs. Mornway turned with a slight heightening of colour. "Grace—how could she possibly have known?"

"She couldn't, of course, unless she read my weakness in my face. But why do you look so startled at my little joke?"

"It's only that I so dislike Grace's ineradicable idea that I am a wire-puller. Why should she imagine I would help her about Ashford?"

"Oh, Grace has always been a mild and ineffectual conspirator, and she thinks every other woman is built on the same plan. But you *did* get Fleetwood's job for him, you know," he repeated with laughing insistence.

"I had more faith than you in human nature, that's all." She paused a moment, and then added, "Personally, you know, I have always rather disliked him."

"Oh, I never doubted your disinterestedness. But you are not going to turn against your candidate, are you?" She hesitated. "I am not sure; circumstances alter cases. When you made Fleetwood Attorney-General two years ago, he was the inevitable man for the place."

"Well—is there a better one now?"

"I don't say there is—it's not my business to look for him, at any rate. What I mean is that at that time Fleetwood was worth risking anything for—now I don't know that he is."

"But, even if he were not, what do I risk for him now? I don't see your point. Since he didn't cost me my election, what can he possibly cost me now I'm in?"

"He's immensely unpopular. He will cost you a great deal of popularity, and you have never pretended to despise that."

"No, nor ever sacrificed anything essential to it. Are you really asking me to offer up Fleetwood to it now?"

"I don't ask you to do anything—except to consider if he is essential. You said you were over-tired and wanted to bring a fresh mind to bear on the other appointments. Why not delay this one too?"

Mornway turned in his chair and looked at her searchingly. "This means something, Ella. What have you heard?"

"Just what you have, probably, but with more attentive ears. The very record you are so proud of has made George Fleetwood innumerable enemies in the last two years. The Lead Trust people are determined to ruin him, and if his reappointment is attacked you will not be spared."

"Attacked? In the papers, you mean?"

She paused. "You know the *Spy* has always threatened a campaign. And he has a past, as you say?"

"Which was public property long before I first appointed him. Nothing could be gained by raking up his old political history. Everybody knows he didn't come to me with clean hands, but to hurt him now the *Spy* would have to fasten a new scandal on him, and that would not be easy."

"It would be easy to invent one."

"Unproved accusations don't count much against a man of such proved capacity. The best answer is his record of the last two years. That is what the public looks at."

"The public looks wherever the Press points. And besides, you have your own future to consider. It would be a pity to sacrifice such a career as yours for the sake of backing up even as useful a man as George Fleetwood." She paused, as if checked by his gathering frown, but went on with fresh decision, "Oh I'm not speaking of personal ambition; I'm thinking of the good you can do. Will Fleetwood's reappointment secure the greatest good of the greatest number, if his unpopularity reacts on you to the extent of hindering your career?"

The Governor's brow cleared, and he rose with a smile. "My dear, your reasoning is admirable, but we must leave my career to take care of itself. Whatever I may be to-morrow, I am Governor of Midsylvania to-day, and my business as Governor is to appoint as Attorney-General the best man I can find for the place—and that man is George Fleetwood, unless you have a better one to propose." She met this with perfect good-humour. "No, I have told you already that that is not my business. But I have a candidate of my own for another office, so Grace was not quite wrong, after all."

"Well, who is your candidate, and for what office? I only hope you don't want to change cooks!"

"Oh, I do that without your authority, and you never even know it has been done." She hesitated, and then said with a bright directness, "I want you to do something for poor Gregg."

"Gregg? Rufus Gregg?" He stared. "What an extraordinary request! What can I do for a man I've had to kick out for dishonesty?"

"Not much, perhaps; I know it's difficult. But, after all, it was your kicking him out that ruined him."

"It was his dishonesty that ruined him. He was getting a good salary as my stenographer, and if he hadn't sold those letters to the *Spy* he would have been getting it still."

She wavered. "After all, nothing was proved—he always denied it."

"Good heavens, Ella! Have you ever doubted his guilt?"

"No—no; I don't mean that. But, of course, his wife and children believe in him, and think you were

cruel, and he has been out of work so long that they are starving."

"Send them some money, then; I wonder you thought it necessary to ask."

"I shouldn't have thought it so, but money is not what I want. Mrs. Gregg is proud, and it is hard to help her in that way. Couldn't you give him work of some—just a little post in a corner?"

"My dear child, the little posts in the corner are just the ones where honesty is essential. A footpad doesn't wait under a street-lamp! Besides, how can I recommend a man whom I have dismissed for theft? I won't say a word to hinder his getting a place, but on my conscience I can't give him one."

He paused and turned toward the door silently, but without any show of resentment; but on the threshold she lingered long enough to say, "Yet you gave Fleetwood his chance."

"Fleetwood? You class Fleetwood with Gregg? The best man in the State with a little beggarly, thieving nonentity? It's evident enough you're new at wire-pulling, or you would show more skill at it!"

She met this with a laugh. "I'm not likely to have much practice if my first attempt is such a failure. Well, I will see if Mrs. Gregg will let me help her a little—I suppose there is nothing else to be done."

"Nothing that we can do. If Gregg wants a place he had better get one on the staff of the *Spy*. He served them better than he did me."

III.

The Governor stared at the card with a frown. Half an hour had elapsed since his wife had gone upstairs to dress for the big dinner from which official duties had excused him, and he was still lingering over the fire before preparing for his own solitary meal. He expected no one that evening but his old friend Hadley Shackwell, with whom it was his long-established habit to talk over his defeats and victories in the first lull after the conflict; and Shackwell was not likely to turn up till nine o'clock. The unwonted stillness of the room, and the knowledge that he had a quiet evening before him, filled the Governor with a luxurious sense of repose. The world seemed to him a good place to be in, and his complacency was shadowed only by the fear that he had perhaps been a trifle over-harsh in refusing his wife's plea for the stenographer. There seemed, therefore, a certain fitness in the appearance of the man's card, and the Governor with a sigh gave orders that Gregg should be shown in.

Gregg was still the soft-stepping scoundrel who invented the toe of honesty, and as he entered Mornway was conscious of a sharp revulsion of feeling. But it was impossible to evade the interview, and he sat silent while the man stated his case.

Mrs. Mornway had represented the stenographer as being in desperate straits, and ready to accept any job that could be found, but though his appearance might have seemed to corroborate her account, he evidently took a less hopeless view of his case, and the Governor found with surprise that he had fixed his eye on a clerkship in one of the Government offices, a post which had been half promised him before the incident of the letters. His plea was that the Governor's charge, though unproven, had so injured his reputation that he could only hope to clear himself by getting some sort of small job under the Administration. After that, it would be easy for him to obtain any employment he wanted.

He met Mornway's refusal with civility, but remarked after a moment, "I hadn't expected this, Governor. Mrs. Mornway led me to think that something might be arranged."

The Governor coloured slightly. "Mrs. Mornway is sorry for your wife and children, and for their sake would be glad to find work for you; but she could not have led you to think that there was any chance of your getting a clerkship."

"Well, that's just it; she said she thought she could manage it."

"You have misinterpreted my wife's interest in your family. Mrs. Mornway has nothing to do with the distribution of Government offices." The Governor broke off, annoyed to find himself asseverating for the second time so obvious a fact.

There was a moment's silence; then Gregg said, still in a perfectly equable tone, "You've always been hard on me, Governor; but I don't bear malice. You accused me of selling those letters to the *Spy*—"

The Governor made an impatient gesture.

"You couldn't prove your case," Gregg went on imperturbably, "but you were right in one respect. I was on confidential terms with the *Spy*." He paused and glanced at Mornway, whose face remained immovable. "I'm on the same terms with them still, and I'm ready to let you have the benefit of it if you'll give me the chance to retrieve my good name."

In spite of his irritation the Governor could not repress a smile.

"In other words, you will do a dirty trick for me if I undertake to convince people that you are the soul of honour."

Gregg smiled also.

"There are always two ways of putting a thing. Why not call it a plain case of give and take? I want something, and can pay for it."

"Not in any coin I have a use for," said Mornway, pushing back his chair.

Gregg hesitated, then he said, "Perhaps you don't mean to reappoint Fleetwood." The Governor was silent, and he continued, "If you do, don't kick me out a second time. I'm not threatening you—I'm speaking as a friend. Mrs. Mornway has been kind to my wife, and I'd like to help her."

The Governor rose, gripping his chair-back sternly. "You will be kind enough to leave my wife's name out of the discussion. I supposed you knew me well enough to know that I don't buy newspaper secrets at any price, least of all at that of the public money!"

Gregg, who had risen also, stood a few feet off, looking at him inscrutably.

"Is that final, Governor?"

"Quite final."

"Well, good evening, then."

(To be concluded.)

THE GREATEST OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONARIES.



COUNT LYOF NIKOLAIVITCH TOLSTOY, REFORMER AND NOVELIST.

Tolstoy, the greatest figure in modern Russian literature and Russia's most advanced thinker, has for many years striven to practise Christianity in its utmost literalness. In the present crisis Count Tolstoy has not been very prominent, but his hand is behind all movements towards constitutional reform.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Edgar Poe, among other ways of conciliating affection, remarked that, "as a literary people, we are one vast rambling bunch." This he said in the great age of American literature—the age of himself, Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and Bryant. Probably he meant that books were more gossiped about than read, and that authors were more gossiped about than books.

Professor Jeannette Marks, of Holyoke College, appears from her article in the *Critic* to hold that the American "young girl" still deserves the censure of Poe. We do not expect deep literary knowledge from young girls at large, any more than from the blossoms that blow in the spring. But Professor Marks is writing of "college girls," fair undergraduates. She had a lecture of one hundred and eighty-six "sophomores," and she set them an unlooked-for paper, to see what kind of material she had to deal with. They were expected to get up for matriculation a few English classics, "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "Sir Roger de Coverley," "Ivanhoe," "The Ancient Mariner," and so on. Well, out of one hundred and eighty-six, fifty-six could not tell when Shakspere lived; they tried every century from the twelfth to the nineteenth. No less than one hundred and fourteen did not know when Milton lived; they ranged from the Norman Conquest to the Victorian epoch. Goldsmith was thrown back to the date of Ethelred the Unready and Athelstane. One hundred and twenty-seven did not know that Boozey wrote *Dr. Johnson's Life*. Launcelot Gobbo was said to have sought the Holy Grail, or to be a character in "Macbeth," "Ivanhoe," or "Dickens's Merchant of Venice"; or, again, the father of Ophelia. One hundred and sixty-seven did not know who wrote "Christabel." One hundred and fifty-four knew not who wrote "Don Quixote"; and sixty "had never heard of "Thanatopsis," an American classic. But perhaps sixty girls at Lady Margaret Hall never heard of "Thanatopsis." Is it fair to examine American girls in non-American literature? They mostly placed Dickens in the Stuart or Georgian period. Perhaps the young ladies did not come from very cultivated homes. The problem is, why do they go to colleges at all? The reply is that they go "to have a good time," in secret societies—ites of the American *Bona Dea*—and tea-parties among themselves. Professor Marks feels a little depressed, but Edgar Poe would not be surprised, if he knew the melancholy facts. The parents of these girls must be non-literary, and their brothers must be the reverse of bookish. The girls were "one year and a half removed from their preparation entrance"; perhaps they had learned something else, while forgetting their earlier information.

A young American lady once wrote to inform me that she had been told off to write for her Literary Society an essay on myself and my works. Of these she frankly confessed a very pardonable ignorance, and requested me to save her trouble by writing a brief autobiography, "awful funny," with funny verses. By way of remuneration, she sent a silver coin incredibly debased in art and of the current value of two shillings. I daresay that she was a "college girl." However, she knew my century, unlike the American gentleman who recently wrote to Mr. David Hume, at his publisher's, with corrections of Mr. Hume's "History of England."

Many writers on human institutions and manners keep on supposing that if two peoples in the remotest parts of the earth have the same custom, or the same kind of art, or tell the same stories, they must be of the same race, and their ancestors must have lived together in the same place. This is absurd; fancies and ideas naturally coincide. In a book about to be published, Mrs. Langlo Parker's work on an Australian tribe, the Euahlayi, she tells us that the bad men, in the native Tartars, always keep pressing one of their hands on their sides, in pain. This idea occurs in Beckford's awful picture of Hell, in "Vathek"; but the coincidence is an accident. Again, I lately saw an old plaque of gold, from South America, on which a native king is represented, in the attitude of Egyptian gods. His arms lie across his breast, and one hand grasps the whip of power in the stereotyped Egyptian way. The work is very rude, the design being in gold wire, applied to the face of the plaque. The South American artist, whatever his tribe may have been, certainly was not of a race that emigrated from Egypt!

The coincidence does not always go very far, and the interest sometimes is to see how far it will go. Thus, two years since, I wrote a set of tales called "The Disentanglers." I thought the general idea quite new, till someone sent me a privately printed play of earlier date in which both the general idea and one special application thereof exactly coincided with the general idea and with one story of my own.

This was curious enough, but more was to come. In one of my tales there was, I thought, a fresh situation. The hero, the natural heir of a miserly Marquis, goes with "Charles his friend" to the house of the late peer. But it turns out that the peer "is gone," in more senses than one. He is not only dead, but his body has apparently evaporated; at all events, it has disappeared.

Such was my "situation." Last week I read an old novel (by which I mean that it was a spring, not an autumn novel of 1905) called "The House of Merrilees." Here I found my situation. The hero, with "Charles his friend," arrives at the house of the rich dead man to whom the hero is heir. They find, as one of the characters says, that the late Baronet (he was only a Baronet) "is gone": not only is he dead, but his body has disappeared. "What next?" I thought. "Is the dead man to be alive, after all, as in my own yarn?" It was not so; from this point the two plots diverged absolutely, rather to my regret, for the coincidence was clearly fortuitous, and I hoped it would go further.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Midland Lane, Strand, W.C.
R.S. ROBERTS (Bristol).—We prefer to keep clear of such matters.
A.W. DANIEL (Bridgend).—Both contributions are very acceptable.
E.J. POLGAR (Bristol).—We will examine the amended positions and see what can be made of them.

G. BAKER (Rotterdam).—After 2. R to B 5th, any move, 3. Kt or R mates, a double which is a fatal flaw.
P. DALY (Brighton).—Problem received, with thanks.
W. MARKS (Helford).—Your problem too closely resembles a well-known position by Mr. Lloyd to be of any use to us.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3103 and 3104 received from Fred Lang (Wokingham), C. E. Pickering (Lancaster), F. J. Winter-Wood (Sandhurst), and E. Valparaiso (India); of No. 3105 from N. Subbarao (Sastri, B.A., Cuddalore, India); of No. 3106 from Y. Smith (Atlanta, U.S.A.); of No. 3109 from W. S. Braden (Weybridge), C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.), and J. W. Haynes (Winchester); of No. 3107 from R. Chamberlin (Leicester), and A. W. Hamilton-Gill (Exeter); of No. 3108 from T. Roberts, F. Smith (Kochdale), Joseph Cook (Hove), Charles H. Chapman (Mylor, British Columbia), Braden, and Captain J. A. Challinor (Great Yarmouth); of W. Roberts (Sandhurst), D. Wear (Pineywood), C. R. Perguin, F. R. Pickering (Hull), A. G. Bagot (Dublin), Rev. R. A. Mays (Bedford), D. Newton (Lisbon), C. Fortescue Priddifan (Wittersham), E. W. Davis (Redhill), Joseph Semik (Prague), E. Luxmore (Westgate-on-Sea), and F. B. Worthing).

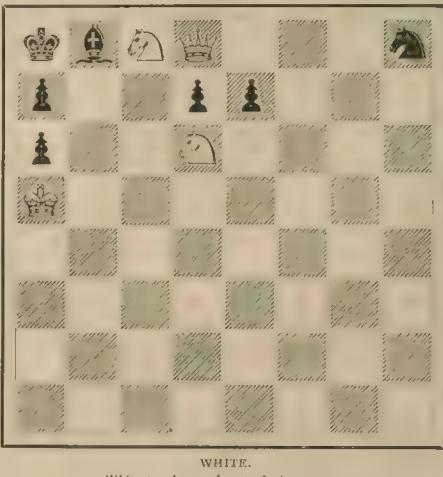
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3109 received from H. J. Plumb (Sandhurst), E. J. Winter-Wood, R. Worters (Canterbury), F. B. (Worthing), P. Daly (Brighton), F. A. Hancock (Bristol), Charles Burnett, Hereward, E. Lawrence (Cheltenham), Sconic, F. Henderson (Leeds), J. W. Haynes (Winchester), James A. Wilson (Manchester), Shadforth, and Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3208.—By E. J. WINTER-WOOD.
WHITE. BLACK.

1. R to K 4th K to B 6th (or K takes either P)
2. K to K 3rd K moves
3. Mates.

PROBLEM NO. 3211.—By PHILIP H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE. Black to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at the Washington Chess Club between Messrs. H. A. GROIS and V. SOURIN.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	1. A clever sacrifice with no immediate return, except that of a powerful position.	
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	18. R takes Kt	
3. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	19. Q takes P	Kt to K 5th
4. K takes P	Kt to K 3rd	20. Q takes P (ch)	K to Q 5th
5. B to Q 3rd	P to K 4th	21. Q takes P	
6. B to K 3th	B to K 4th	Continuing in very pretty style, and now left with a Rook's end.	
7. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	22. Q takes B	R to Q 5th
8. B to Q 5th	B to Q 2nd	23. R to Q 5th	R to B 3d
9. P to B 3th	B takes Kt (ch)	24. Q takes P (ch)	K to Q 5th
10. P to B 4th		25. Q to Q 5th	K to K 5th
11. P to K 5th		26. Q to Q 6th	K to K 6th
12. P to K 6th		27. P to B 6th	R to B 3d
13. P takes B	Q to R 4th	28. B to B 5th	R to B 3d
14. Castles	P to K 3rd	29. Q to R 5th (ch)	R to K 3rd
15. P to K 5th	P takes B	30. R to K 3rd	
16. P to K 6th		31. R to K 8th (ch)	Q takes R
17. Q to R 5th	Kt to B 4th	32. R to K 8th	
18. Kt to K 5th		33. K to B 2d	K takes B
19. P to K 7th		34. Q to K 5th	K to K 5th
20. P to K 8th		35. Q to B 5th (ch)	K to Q 3rd
21. P to K 9th		36. P to K 7th	Resigns

It is not often this exchange is as good as in the present instance. It distinctly turns the game in White's favour.

9. P to K 5th B takes B
10. P to Q 4th K to Q 2nd
11. P to B 3th B takes Kt (ch)
However, on the other hand, it is a mistake. The Bishop will be wanted at home.

12. P takes B Q to R 4th
13. Castles P to K 3rd
14. P to K 5th Q takes B

15. P to K 6th

16. Worse than useless, not only losing time, but leaving Queen right out of action just as a formidable attack against his King is gathering.

17. Q to K 5th O to R 4th
18. P to K 7th

19. P to K 8th

20. P to K 9th

21. P to B 3th

22. P to Q 4th

23. P to K 3rd

24. P to Q 4th

25. P to K 5th

26. P to K 6th

27. P to K 7th

28. P to K 8th

29. P to K 9th

30. P to K 10th

31. P to K 11th

32. P to K 12th

33. P to K 13th

34. P to K 14th

35. P to K 15th

36. P to K 16th

The winning move. Black has two Rooks left against Queen, but the White Pawn at King's 6th turns the scale.

37. R to K 17th (ch) Q takes R
38. R to K 18th (ch) Q takes R
39. R to K 19th (ch) Q takes R
40. R to K 20th (ch) Q takes R
41. R to K 21st (ch) Q takes R
42. R to K 22nd (ch) Q takes R
43. R to K 23rd (ch) Q takes R
44. R to K 24th (ch) Q takes R
45. R to K 25th (ch) Q takes R
46. R to K 26th (ch) Q takes R
47. R to K 27th (ch) Q takes R
48. R to K 28th (ch) Q takes R

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played at Barmer between Messrs. JANOWSKY and SOUCHING.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	13. B takes Kt	Q takes B
2. P to Q 5th	P to K 3rd	14. Q to B 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd
3. Kt to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	15. Q to K 3rd	P to B 4th
4. P to K 4th	P takes K	16. Q to K 4th	Q to B 3d
5. P to K 5th		17. Q to Kt 5th	P to R 5th
6. P to K 6th		18. R to K 5th	
7. P to K 7th		19. Kt to B 5th	P to K 5th
8. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	20. Q to K 4th	Kt to B 3d
9. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	21. Q to K 5th	R takes Kt
10. P to K 8th	B to K 2nd	22. Q to K 6th	R to K 2nd
11. P to K 9th	B to K 2nd	23. R takes Kt	R to K 2nd
12. P to K 10th	B to K 2nd	24. P to K 6th	Q to B 3d
13. P to K 11th	B to K 2nd	25. P to K 7th	Q to Q 4th
14. P to K 12th	B to K 2nd	26. K to R 2d	Q to B 3d
15. P to K 13th	B to K 2nd	27. R takes P (ch)	R takes K
16. P to K 14th	B to K 2nd	28. Q to K 8th	

Giving early indication of aggressive tactics. They sometimes pay even in a modern chess opening.

5. P takes K P
6. P to Q 5th Kt to K B 3d
7. Kt to K 5th B to K 2nd
8. B to Kt 5th K to B sq

A disagreeable necessity. P to Q R 4th should have a previous precaution, and otherwise the defence is not well-handled.

9. Kt to K 2nd Q to R 3rd
10. B to Q 4th B to K 3th
11. Castles Kt to K 2nd
12. B takes B (ch) Q takes B

13. B takes Kt
14. Q to B 2nd
15. Q to K 3rd
16. Q to K 4th
17. Q to K 5th
18. R to K 5th

19. Kt to B 5th P to K 5th
20. Q to K 4th Kt to B 3d
21. Q to K 5th R takes Kt
22. Q to K 6th R to K 2nd
23. R takes Kt P to R 5th
24. P to K 6th Q to B 3d
25. P to K 7th Q to Q 4th
26. K to R 2d Q to B 3d
27. R takes P (ch) R takes K

A fine combination, skilfully worked out. No one excels White in the finishing touches of the won position.

"A Handbook of Chess" (Part I), by the Rev. W. Chin, B.D. (British Chess Company). This is a little book, admittedly indebted to the extensive nearly three-fourths of its contents to extracts from "Chess Endings," and for the rest to the author's own intelligence. It may be useful to those who have no means of access to Mr. Freeborough's work, but otherwise it calls for no comment.

"Chess Problem Index" (British Chess Company).—Much ingenuity is exercised by the enterprising publishers of this Index on behalf of the chess world at large, and we can only hope there is a sufficient number of problem-collectors who will appreciate the trouble taken on their behalf. The idea is that in no two problems (with such rare exceptions that they need not be taken into account) are both Kings on the same two squares, and once the positions of the Kings are known, the problem can be turned up.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

IS DISEASE A BLESSING?

An address delivered in Edinburgh at the opening of the course of lectures of the Philosophical Institution by Sir Frederick Treves has been widely reported, and deserves to be made the subject of thoughtful comment. Taking for his subject the nature of disease, and the popular conceptions regarding it, the distinguished surgeon delivered a discourse which was none the less interesting because in certain respects it was eminently paradoxical. Briefly detailed, the lecturer's main theme consisted in an expression of belief that disease was, on the whole, a beneficent thing in place of being the evil state it is generally considered to be. Those who tell us that the presence of evil in our universe is a necessary corollary and offset to the good we know or do, will find in the lecture something analogous to their own beliefs. For the rest of the world, the subject, Sir F. Treves notwithstanding, will remain exactly where it stood. That disease is an evil is as surely an accepted idea, because it is a logical one, and squares with the facts of life, as that the preservation of health, freedom from pain, and the attainment of happiness are the main objects of all our work-a-day striving.

The lecturer told his audience that disease is one of our "good gifts." If it were not for disease, "the human race would soon be extinct." Then he went on to illustrate that inflammation is a process marked by the combat of our white blood-cells against microbes which have invaded the tissues. What we call "inflammation" is not a disease—an opinion with which we all agree—but the evidence and sign-manual of a fight between the body and its microscopic enemies. It is a symptom and not in itself an ailment. The great fallacy which underlies Sir F. Treves' whole argument is found in the idea that, when he is describing nature's effort to get rid of disease, he imagines he is dealing with disease itself. He mistakes, or at least sets forth, a mere sign of an ailment for the trouble itself. Had he said that pain (as a symptom) was nature's warning to us that something is wrong in our bodily system of Denmark, he would have met with no hostile criticism at all. Pain is nature's danger-signal, but, all the same, pain is not disease.

A person is conscious of pain in his heart-region. His physician tells him that he is affected with, say, angina or "breast-pang," a highly dangerous lesion. Am I to take Sir F. Treves seriously when he tells me that this man's disease is a beneficent thing, and that when it kills him, we are to regard his end as partaking of the same beneficent character? If so, I can only say that a new paradox has been added to the fairly long list that exists—medical paradoxes being not the least conspicuous among them. Even "inflammation," Sir F. Treves' typical illustration, can be shown to be anything but beneficial when, in place of ridding us of our attacking microbes, it fails in its attempt, ends in suppuration, and we die from blood-poisoning. All the processes he lauds as of the nature of saving grace simply represent the body's attempts to rid itself of disease; but surely life must be, and is, a much more enjoyable thing when our tissues do not need to exercise such actions. We may have to repel an invading army and take arms in defence of our country, but nobody will argue that war is preferable to peace.

We are also told by Sir F. Treves that the man who growls and grumbles at the symptoms of an ordinary cold is an ungrateful person. His sneezing and his coughing remove microbes from nose and windpipe, no doubt, but these processes do not cure the cold exactly, and if they fail and the body's powers collapse, our cold may pass into pleurisy or into lung-inflammation and end our life. There is small consolation here in the thought that, because nature wars against disease, therefore disease is to be regarded as a blessing. For years we have been taught by medical men and sanitarians that it is our bounden duty to prevent disease by all means at our command. If, however, Sir F. Treves' words are to be read in their plain meaning, we may actually welcome our colds and our sneezing, our inflammations and so forth, as incidents of which we may well be proud.

Where in the face of such counsel can use or purpose be found for the works of sanitation and the practice of preventive medicine? If disease is not the disagreeable, painful, incapacitating, and often fatal thing it is, we may as well allow every ill of life to run unchecked. I cannot avoid the conclusion that the lecturer struck a false keynote to start with. Had he styled his discourse one on the body's powers of resistance to disease-attack, all his illustrations would have been apt and telling. It is no adequate argument to say that "inflammation" itself was once mistaken for a disease. The lecturer was not dealing with the ideas of the past. He was discussing on eminently latter-day facts and opinions regarding disease. He set himself to show that "the processes of disease are aimed not at the destruction of life, but at the saving of it." Herein lies the fallacy of the whole address. That which Sir Frederick Treves calls "disease" is not disease at all; it is really a very different thing: it is the battle against illness which nature is capable of waging, and which ends in disaster as well as in victory.

There is a vestigial remnant in our bodies called the "appendix," in the treatment of the ailments of which Sir F. Treves is *facile princeps*. Disease of the appendix may be cured by nature, but none the less clearly must we distinguish between the disease itself and its cure. When nature has failed to cure, the surgeon's aid is sought to save life, and very successful indeed, as a rule, is the surgeon's work. I do not know, however, that any patient suffering from "appendicitis" has ever had adequate reason to regard the disease as marked by a "purpose," and that purpose as "beneficent." The logical outcome of such argument would be the rejection of surgical aid, and a docile willingness to face the gravest of risks—"which is absurd." ANDREW WILSON.

RUSSIA IN REVOLT: A STRIKERS' COMMITTEE SURPRISED.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLIPPE.



ARRESTED: THE POLICE BREAKING UP A SECRET COMMITTEE OF STRIKE AGITATORS IN ST. PETERSBURG.

When everything seemed ready for the great and long-expected upheaval, the action of the revolutionaries was suddenly arrested by the strong hand of General Trepoff, who intimated that his soldiers would not spare ball-cartridges. The situation is curiously anomalous. At the very moment when the Government was preparing to grant the four cardinal liberties, its military officials threatened the people with death to-day for what would be lawful to-morrow. Even the Tsar's manifesto has not brought tranquillity, and the situation remains in the balance.

FOUND IN THE FORUM: RESULTS OF RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN ROME.

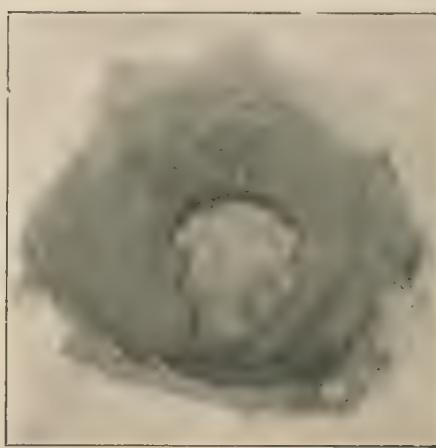
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SIGNORE BONI, DIRECTOR OF EXCAVATIONS.

As Paris is the visible epitome of French history, and Edinburgh of Scottish, so is the Roman Forum the no-



VASE FOUND IN A ROMULEAN TOMB,
EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.

altogether visible but gradually unfolding microcosm of the life of the earlier Latin peoples. For several years the minute examination of the Forum has been in the capable hands of Signor Giacomo Boni, the Director of Excavations, who has brought to light the aspect of



TUFA SLAB, COVERING A CREMATION TOMB,
IN WHICH MANY URNS WERE FOUND.

Boni, we are now able to present to our readers actual photographs of these most interesting remains, showing their actual position, as discovered, and the curious vessels which it was the custom to place beside the dead. The sepulchres are of two kinds, those containing cremated human bones enclosed in urns, and those which prove that at an early period, probably 1200 B.C., inhumation was the usual method of disposing of the dead. The first discovery was of urn-burial. Between the Temple of Romulus and that of Antonine and Faustine, the Director found a great two-handled urn, beneath several

necropolis. He accordingly pursued his excavations, and about fifty feet to the right of the first tomb he



VASE FROM THE ROMULEAN TOMB OF THE
EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.

discovered evidences of inhumation, the first found in the Forum. A rectangular grave, hewn in a block of red tufa, contained a complete skeleton in admirable preservation. The skull was turned slightly to the left, and was the only part of the skeleton



TOMB AND SKELETON OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.

the great centre of the city's life in the epochs of the Kings, the Republic, the Empire, and the Middle Ages. And his researches go back even earlier than the Kings, for some of his discoveries of sepulchral relics take us, at any rate, to the twelfth century B.C. Some



A HUT-URN CONTAINING CREMATED HUMAN BONES,
FOUND IN THE CREMATION TOMB.

layers of earth. The urn, which was of dark-red terracotta, was deposited in a pit or trench, and was covered with a slab of grey-green tufa. Within the urn, which was evidently hand-wrought and had been smoothed outside with a piece of wood, were found nine smaller urns. The largest was a cinerarium, and was swathed in skins, a method common to very primitive burials.



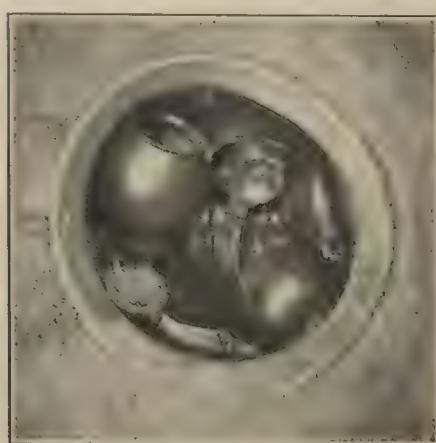
PRE-ROMULEAN BURIAL, TWELFTH CENTURY B.C.

covered with earth, the rest being cased in stone. Upon the bones rested a bronze plaque, and near the head were three little urns. Other evidences of inhumation have now come to light. In a coffin hewn from a log of oak lay the skeleton of a girl four years



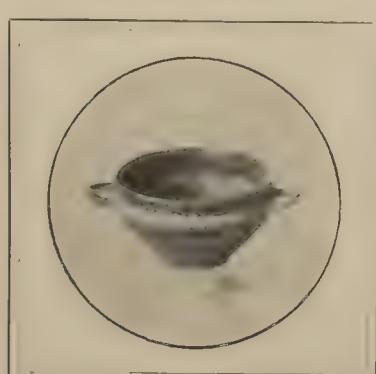
A FUNERAL-VASE WITH FEET FROM THE
CREMATION TOMB.

time ago our Artist in Rome sent us sketches of the operations that resulted in the most important finds of tombs, and in these drawings he outlined some of the contents of the graves and urns. By the kindness of Signor



FUNERAL VASES AND THE HUT-URN IN THE
POSITION AS THEY WERE FOUND.

Within were human bones, highly calcined, and twenty-four teeth, which had belonged to a person not more than thirty years of age. This discovery led Signor Boni to suspect that he must be near the site of an ancient



ONE OF THE SEPULCHRAL DISHES FROM
THE ROMULEAN TOMB.

old. On the left arm was an ivory bracelet which still remains, and on the front of the tunic had been sewn coral beads. The tunic was held with a copper belt, and this, as well as the bracelet, is clearly traceable.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BOMBAY: SCENES IN THE CITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHNSON AND HOFFMANN, AND BY DR. RUTTER



THE COURTS OF JUSTICE.



THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.



THE STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY.



THE CLOCK-TOWER OF THE UNIVERSITY.



ELPHINSTONE CIRCLE.



NATIVE METHOD OF MAKING MORTAR.



THE RAILWAY STATION.

The Prince of Wales was due to arrive in Bombay on November 9. The scenes here given include some of the more striking views of the city. Note the native method of making mortar, where a bullock drags a wheel round a circular trough in which the cement is mixed.

YARROW'S REMOVAL FROM THE THAMES TO THE TYNE: THE YARD ON THE THAMES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



IN THE YARROW YARD ON THE THAMES.

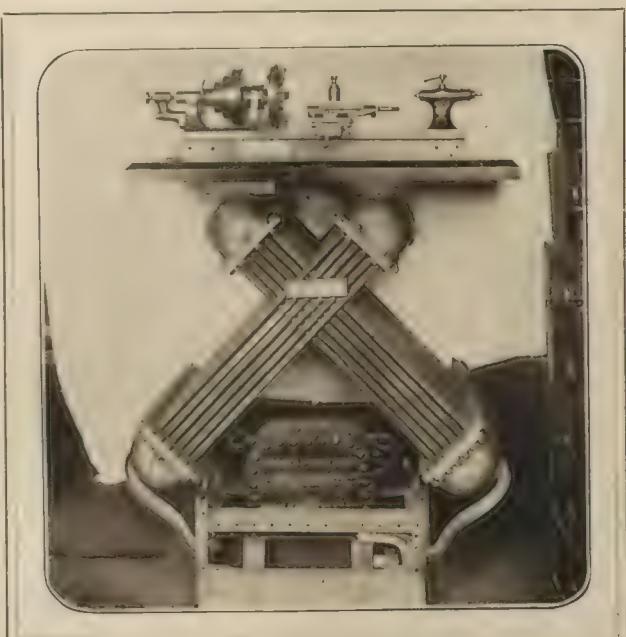


SEVERAL CRAFT READY FOR LAUNCHING

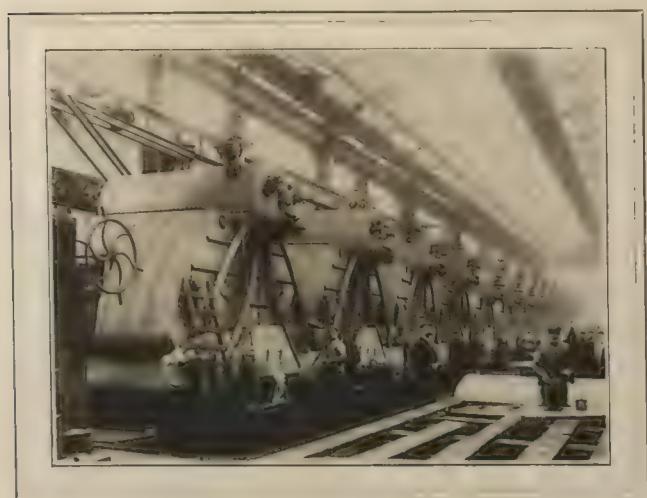
Consternation has been caused among the workmen in the East End by the decision of Messrs. Yarrow and Co., Ltd., to remove their works from the Thames to the North. The firm announce that the cause of their removal from the Isle of Dogs is the high cost of production on the Thames. As the firm employs about 1200 people, the change will be a heavy blow to Poplar. The works which the firm are now quitting were established over thirty years ago, and with the growth of the business they have been extended until they now cover twelve acres. A large variety of craft was turned out there, the manufacture including torpedo-boats, torpedo-boat destroyers, shallow draught gun-boats and shallow river-boats for carrying cargo. At Poplar were constructed also the Yarrow boilers, which have lately been coming into considerable notice. Mr. Yarrow first began his engineering work by developing the steam-plough, and he also made a motor-car about thirty years before the machine became general. He then began building steam-launches, in which he was extremely successful, the high speed his boats attained bringing him orders for torpedo-craft. In 1875, to the order of the Argentine Government, he built his first boat of this class. Two years later the British Government gave him an order for a little vessel 86 feet long and of only 33 tons' displacement. From that time forward he was steadily employed by the Admiralty and by foreign Governments, and when destroyers came into vogue

he at once grappled with problems of that type. His first pair were the *Havoc* and the *Hornet*, which made 27 knots. Since that time Mr. Yarrow's destroyers have been found in great numbers in the navies of the world. The special conditions of foreign warfare brought into existence exceptional types of craft, and models of many of these are to be found in the firm's offices. During the campaign against the Dervishes, Yarrow's built a Nile gun-boat, which was sent out to Egypt in sections. She was little more than a raft; her draught was only two feet, and she could steam thirteen knots an hour. Her superstructure was armoured and was bullet-proof, and she carried a battery of small guns. There was space to carry twelve hundred men. Her screw propellers were arranged on a peculiarly ingenious plan, in order to make the most of shallow water. Some of the firm's South African sectional ships can be fitted together and got under steam in twenty-four hours. They have built vessels of this kind drawing only six inches of water.

Mr. Yarrow, in an interview, has stated that he is aware of and deplores the effect his removal will have on East-End labour; but he believes that the distress will be only temporary, and that the workmen will soon find berths in Chatham and other dockyards on the Thames. He has gone carefully into the matter, and finds it impossible to remain. His new yard will probably be on the Tyne.



TWO RELICS: THE FIRST LATHE USED IN THE YARROW SHOPS WHEN THEY STARTED IN 1866, AND MR. YARROW'S FIRST STRAIGHT TUBE BOILER, DESIGNED BY HIMSELF.



98,000 H.P. IN THE MAKING: FOURTEEN BOILERS OF ABOUT 7000 H.P. EACH, UNDER CONSTRUCTION.



THE FITTING-UP SHOP: A GENERAL VIEW AT THE YARROW WORKS, NOW TO BE REMOVED TO THE TYNE.

LEAVES AND NOTES FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.



Photo. Villiers and Quirk

THE ONLY PRIVATE CHAPEL OF A CIVIC DIGNITARY.

IN Bristol a private chapel and chaplain are provided for the Lord Mayor and Corporation. The chapel is dedicated to St. Mark. It costs the ratepayers some £400 a year, and on certain days in the week the public are admitted to view the edifice. The members of the City Council are allowed to attend the Sunday services if they so desire.



THE NEW HALL OF THE NOBEL INSTITUTE, CHRISTIANIA.

THE endowment for the recognition of eminence in literature, science and art, and for the promotion of Peace, known as the Nobel Institute, has been presented by its founder with a new home. The building, which is at Christiania, is beautifully severe in its external outline. The great hall is in its

SOME time ago we gave a picture of a very tiny Shetland pony which we were rash enough to say was probably the smallest in the world. Statements such as that invariably draw a correction or comment from the ends of the earth, and now Dr. F. Thatcher, of El Paso, Texas, sends us a picture, not of a Shetland pony, but of a full-grown horse, the smallest of its kind. The horse is 4½ years old, is 26 inches high, and weighs, when fat, 90 lb. The man



THE SMALLEST FULL-GROWN HORSE IN THE WORLD.

beside the pony is 5 ft. 3 in. high. The horse is the only survivor of several imported.



PARLIAMENT COTTAGE, A RELIC OF THE REVOLUTION.

At Aish village, near Brixham, the Prince of Orange, on Nov. 5, 1688, held his first Council after his landing in England. A stone in the garden commemorates the event.



A CATHEDRAL IN SPLINTS: REPAIRS AT WINCHESTER.

ABOUT the beginning of September a serious subsidence was discovered in Winchester Cathedral. The south wall at the east end was found to be nearly two feet off the perpendicular. Excavations to discover the cause were immediately instituted, and great double shores were erected to retain the damaged walls during the operation, which will cost at least £1,000.



THE NEW HOME OF THE NOBEL INSTITUTE, CHRISTIANIA.

decorations and appointments typical of Norwegian architecture of a primitive period. The chairs in the interior are chaste and beautiful, and the designs on the chairs are particularly graceful and unusual. In it the meetings will be held for the annual declaration of the Nobel Prizes.



THE NEW CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS, EALING.

THE church of All Saints, Ealing Common, has been erected in memory of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, who was assassinated on leaving the House of Commons in 1812. The church has been erected from funds bequeathed for the purpose by Mr. Spencer Perceval's daughter, the late Miss Frederica Elizabeth Perceval; it has cost about £13,500, and was designed by Mr. William A. Pite, F.R.I.B.A. It has been described as a twentieth-century building, conceived at the very close of the nineteenth. The recessed east window is remarkable,



MARBLE FROM THE TYROL: LOWERING A MONOLITH.

The marble from the quarry of Laas is coming into great favour with sculptors on account of its powers of resisting the weather. Vienna's Laas marbles may remain uncovered during winter.

UNVEILING THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOPKOPK.



Lord Peel, Duke of Devonshire.
F. A. C. & C.

Mr. Gladstone's Grandson.

Mr. John Morley. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A.
(the Sculptor).

MR. JOHN MORLEY UNVEILING THE GLADSTONE STATUE IN THE STRAND, NOVEMBER 4.

"No statesman on our glorious roll has touched the imagination of so wide a world"—FROM MR. JOHN MORLEY'S APPRECIATION OF MR. GLADSTONE, DELIVERED AT THE UNVEILING.

RUSSIA IN REVOLT : STRIKERS HOLDING UP A TRAIN.

DRAWN BY PAUL THIRIAT.



HELD UP!—AN INCIDENT IN THE ENVIRONS OF MOSCOW DURING THE RAILWAY STRIKE.

During the revolt one of the most powerful weapons in the hands of the revolutionists proved to be the railway strike, and the paralysis of the social life of the country by the interruption of traffic and communication had very great weight in wringing concessions from the Government. Several attempts were made to run trains under an armed guard, but these the strikers stopped by sheer force of numbers.



THE STUDENTS' PART IN THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION: EDUCATING THE PEOPLE IN IDEALS OF LIBERTY.

AFTER A PAINTING BY BOGDANOFF BILSKI.

The part of the students and the intellectual classes in Russia has not been altogether restricted to public demonstration. For many years a quiet propaganda has been organised, and the principles of liberty have been instilled into the common people at such meetings as that here represented. The scene is laid in a village school-house, where a group of intellectuals are instructing the peasantry by a method that is less a lecture than a catechism.

LEAVES FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: INTERESTING PICTURES AND NOTES
OF RECENT HAPPENINGS ABROAD.



AN AMERICAN SENSATION: THE DIVING HORSE TAKING THE WATER.

A DIVING HORSE.

Among the many sensational shows of America at the present moment is the diving horse. A scaffolding about sixty feet high is erected above a tank; to the top of this the horse is led, and he goes to the edge, "sits down," and then jumps down into the water. It is said that he always manages to strike the surface first with his head, and he comes up like any human diver, swims to the side, and comes ashore with perfect unconcern.

PRESIDENT LOUBET IN PORTUGAL.

President Loubet, who has been continuing the good work of promoting European cordiality by a round of visits, arrived in Lisbon on the morning of Oct. 7, and was greeted with the ceremony with which we in this country became familiar during King Edward's visit to King Carlos. On the second day of his visit the President went to Cintra, where he was entertained at luncheon. Sixty guests were present, including

the members of the Embassies. After luncheon the party drove to the Pena Palace, the Queen's favourite residence, and on the conclusion of the visit to that place the King and Queen left for Cascaes, the President returning to the French Legation at Lisbon, where he received the French colony. On the morning of the 28th M. Rouvier returned to Paris. The central event of the President's visit was the great banquet at the Ajuda Palace. The King proposed the President's health, proclaiming himself the true and loyal friend of France, and emphasising the sincerity of the bond which had long existed between that country and Portugal. President Loubet, in reply, said that the magnificent demonstration with which he had been welcomed would find a strong echo in France, which had always been actuated by feelings of a sincere and deep sympathy towards Portugal. The visit ended on Oct. 20, when the President, accompanied by the King and Queen, and the members of the Royal family, proceeded to the Town Hall, where the municipal reception was held. They afterwards went down to the harbour, and were rowed to the French cruiser, *León Gambetta*, on the Portuguese state barge.

THE GENOA FESTIVITIES.

On Oct. 27 the King and Queen of Italy arrived in Genoa, the visit being the first that they have paid to the Ligurian port since their accession. The occasion was marked by a series of naval festivities, for which there were present in the harbour a French and an English Squadron, so that the courtesies of the *Entente Cordiale* were once more repeated, this time in an Italian port. On the 29th King Victor Emmanuel,



Illustrations Bureau.
PRINCESS LOUISE OF SCHLESWIG - HOLSTEIN AT WORK ON A FINE PIECE OF ENAMEL.

A PRINCESS AS ENAMELLER.

The art of enamelling as a pastime has been revived by Princess Louise of Schleswig - Holstein, who produces many beautiful examples of the art. Our photograph represents her in her studio engaged upon one of the designs which she makes for the benefit of various charities.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL AND PRESIDENT LOUBET ON BOARD THE ROYAL BARGE.

A GARGANTUAN FEAST.

On Nov. 5, M. Loubet presided over a tremendous banquet, to which 49,900 guests sat down in the Galerie des Machines, Paris. It is not explained why the number was not fifty thousand, or who the one disappointing person was who stayed away, but this select party was given by the National Federation of Mutual Aid Societies of France, and organised by the *Matin*. There were nine miles of tables. The waiters numbered 3500, and the plates 165,000. In all, some 1300 tons of food were provided.



THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE" IN AN ITALIAN PORT: THE BRITISH AND FRENCH FLEETS AT GENOA, OCTOBER 29.

accompanied by the Queen, formally inaugurated the new harbour works. On his way to the ceremony the King sailed past the visiting squadrons, which fired salutes. British naval officers wearing Italian decorations were in attendance, and afterwards attended a reception at St. George's Palace. In the evening there was a state banquet, at which Captain Kingsford sat on the Queen's left. Captains Kingsford, Bailey, and Lyre were appointed commanders of the Order of the Italian Crown. Thirty-four officers in all were decorated, and silver and bronze medals were distributed among the petty officers and men.



Illustrations Bureau.
THE BIGGEST BANQUET ON RECORD—AT THE GALERIE DES MACHINES, PRESIDED OVER BY M. LOUBET.

ENGLISH TOURISTS IN CAPRI: THE SOUTHERN SEASON.

DRAWN BY F. MATANIA.



A MULE-JOURNEY IN THE PICTURESQUE ISLAND OF THE BLUE GROTTO.

Capri lies within a short sail from Naples, and is reached by a constant service of steam-boats. It is a great resort of tourists and artists, particularly German artists, who have produced a curious series of Capri postcards. The greatest sight of the island is the famous Blue Grotto, which takes its name from the azure hue given to the rocks by the refraction of light entering it through a tunnel filled with sea-water.

THE KAISER'S MIDDIES: THE TRAINING OF GERMAN NAVAL CADETS



IN THE STUDY.

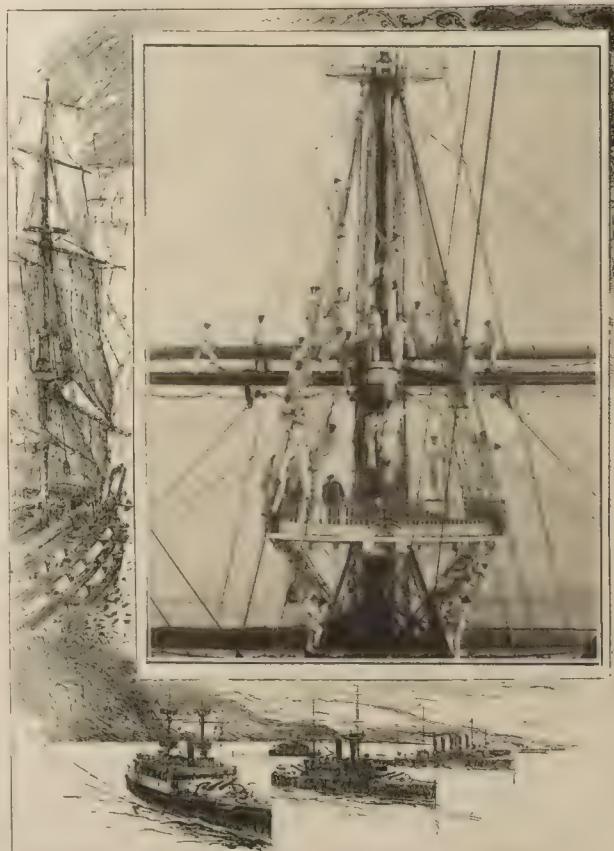
The young sea-officer in Germany has little or nothing behind him. He looks to make the naval history of his country, and with this purpose in view he exhibits a keenness in acquiring the secrets of the seaman's art which may be equalled, but is not excelled by the naval aspirants of any other nation. The result is to be seen in the manliness, the workmanlike appearance, and the general *nolo me tangere* air about the German men of war.

The German naval cadets begin their professional training environed by the sights and sounds of the great naval of their navy; for the Marine Academy and the Naval College, of which we give some illustrations, are in the same building at Kiel. They have no *Britannia*, nor any *Osborne*, and some may think that they are cut off from our own cadets; for in the same roof the older officers continue their preparation for specialising in gunnery, navigation, etc. At the college the cadets undergo a ten-months' course before they are sent to sea, and in addition to the professional staff there is a naval staff of not less than four Lieutenants, while the President is also an officer of senior rank. Among the subjects which are taught in addition to navigation, seamanship, and gunnery, are ship-building, mechanical engineering, tactics and strategy, and the English and French languages. Of course, all the usual recreations are provided, including gymnastics and fencing.

The German naval cadet does not commence his professional training as young as do those in this country. But he must select his career before he attains a certain age, and having so selected must also undergo a medical examination to prove his general health, and particularly that his eyesight and hearing are good. The entrance examinations are not particularly stiff, and a boy with a first-class



FENCING DRILL.



THE DEAD LANGUAGES OF THE NAVAL SCHOOL: SAIL DRILL.



SAILORS' BERTHS ON SHORE.



DINNER IN HALL.

certificate from school would probably find them merely formal. They take place once a year, during August and September, and then the boy begins his college life.

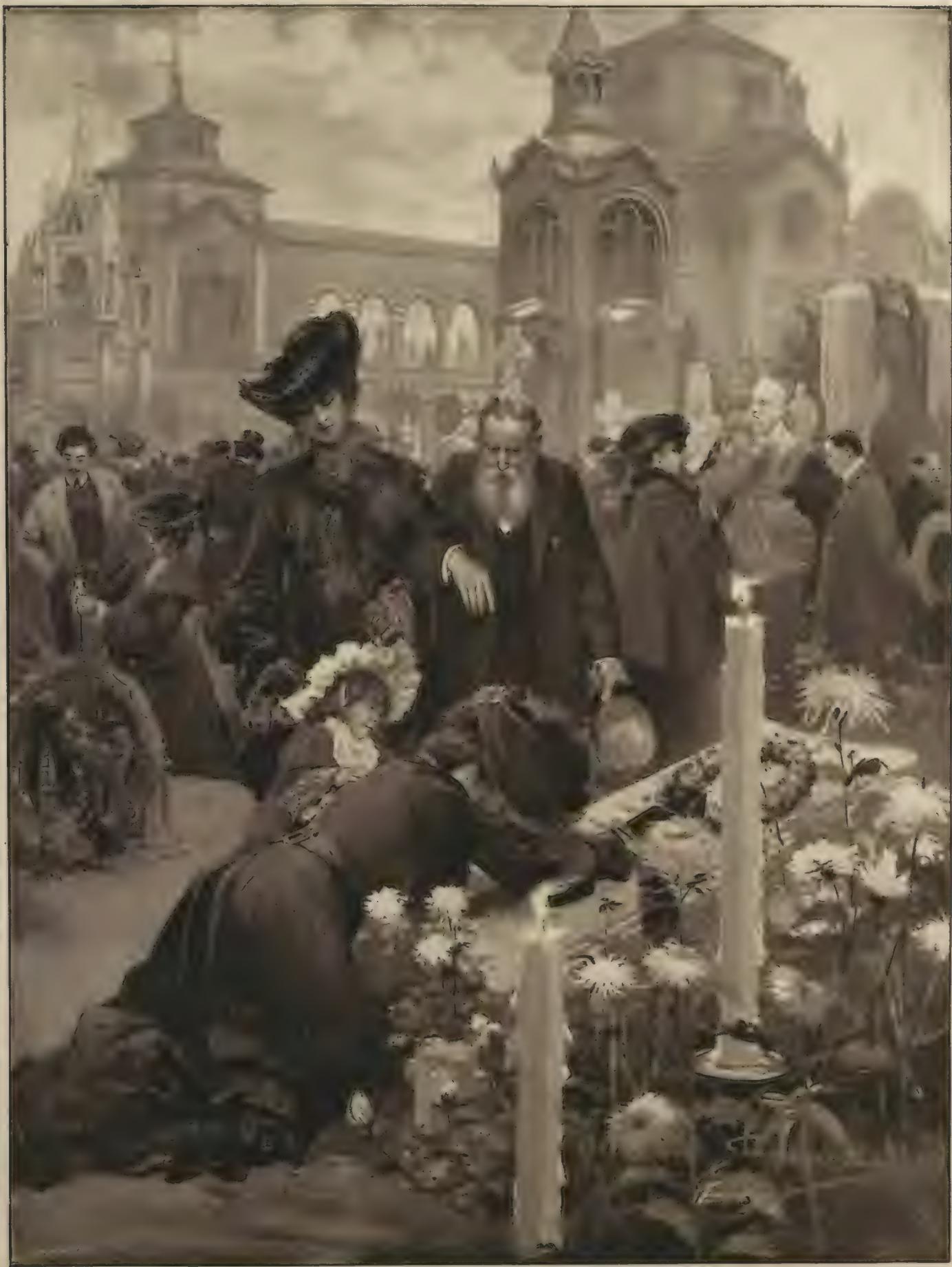
In the next stage the cadets are sent afloat in the training squadron, for which purpose there are several vessels in commission, and the cruises are generally confined to home waters during the summer and warmer climates in the winter. The presence of the ships of the German training squadron in our ports is frequent; but the Mediterranean and the West Indies are also visited in turn. During this sea-life, while they are still carrying on their studies, the cadets are also being taught seamanship and navigation in a practical manner, while opportunities are also afforded them for putting into practice the foreign languages they have been taught. At varying periods test-examinations are held, and on the return of the cruisers to Germany, provided they satisfy the examiners, the cadets receive their first commissions.

Following upon their sea experience they return to the college for another ten months' course, in the higher branches of those subjects which have formed their professional study. The concluding examination takes place in August, and the graduates are now given permission to wear swords, and are enrolled in the *Seebataillonen*, where they undergo a further military training, before reaching the grade of *Unterlieutenant*, corresponding to the Sub-Lieutenant of our Navy. They have, of course, become full-blown naval officers, and are ready to undertake their duties at sea, on watch, in the signals, or commanding a company, until such time as they may be chosen for higher courses in gunnery or torpedo practice.

The German Emperor takes the greatest interest in the naval cadets and all that pertains to their training.

ALL SOULS' DAY IN A CONTINENTAL CEMETERY.

DRAWN BY XIMENES.



HONOURING THE DEAD IN AN ITALIAN BURYING-GROUND.

On November 2, All Souls' Day, Roman Catholic nations pay honour to the dead. A pious pilgrimage is made to the family burial-ground, which is decorated with wreaths, and the wealthier mourners place great candles round the tombs. None are so poor that they cannot find some small tribute of flower or taper to pay to the departed.

AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

The name of Alfred Russel Wallace, automatically, to most of us, conjures up that bugbear of our forbears, the corner-stone of all our present-day biological work—the Darwinian theory of Evolution. Those who are really interested in this subject have long since become familiar with the remarkable manner in which the two great thinkers independently formulated that wonderful theory which has so profoundly changed the world's thought—the one after twenty years' laborious work elaborating and testing; the other, when stretched on a bed of sickness far away in the Malay Peninsula.

To-day Dr. Wallace tells the story afresh in the two volumes of "My Life" (Chapman and Hall), but he tells it in a condensed fashion; almost hurries, as though afraid he should weary us! Or is it that he feels that it must here take its place as an incident, albeit a tremendous incident, in the long and strenuous life that he has led? He seems to have divined the fact that the kindly-cutious—those who, born too late into the world to make his personal acquaintance, who have learned to know him through his published work as their teacher—would welcome some such history of himself and his strangely interesting career as he has now given us. Our task here is to cull therefrom such morsels as shall give those—if there be any—who may wish an opportunity to taste and try before they buy.

Mr. Wallace's outlook on life at the age of twenty-one was by no means promising. He had already served an apprenticeship to his brother, a surveyor, and had tried his hand at the business of a watchmaker; but finding, after a year, that he had no vocation for this work, returned to surveying. But the sojourn in the "Collegiate School" at Leicester proved the turning-point in his life, for here he met Bates, then an unknown man but a most enthusiastic naturalist. His collection of beetles, all from the neighbourhood of Leicester, amazed Wallace, who, though instinctively fond of natural history, had so far interested himself in plants only. Stimulated by the zeal of his new friend, Wallace, too, started beetle-hunting, but extended his operations to other forms of life. Soon after this the two decided on a collecting-trip to the Tropics, choosing the Amazons for their first venture. The enormous gain to our knowledge of the fauna of this then little-known region which the expedition resulted in, those who will may measure after a perusal of the fascinating account of their travels which each gave to the world on his return.

After a short stay in London, Wallace next started to explore the Malay Archipelago, a veritable naturalist's paradise in those days, and here he remained eight years, returning with vast collections rich in new forms of life. It was during his sojourn in these wonderful regions that he excommunicated his part of the theory which was to play so important a part in modifying the trend of the world's thought. And this feat he accomplished, as we have already remarked, as he lay sick of a fever.

After his return from the Malay trip, Wallace forsook no more the haunts of civilised men. He settled down, first in London, then in the country, to write his books. During this time he met all the scientific men of his day, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Lyall, Mivart, and others; and of these and his relations therewith a store of most interesting facts will be found, much of which will be entirely new to most, if not all, who read these volumes.

Of extreme interest is his account of his lecturing tour in America, where he met with a most hearty reception. On one occasion he caused his friends some disappointment; and that was when he was taken to see a "pork-eating establishment, where, during the season, they kill a thousand hogs a day."

The animals . . . walk up an inclined pathway of their own accord, in a continuous procession, and at the top are caught up one after another by a chain round their hind-legs, and swung on to the men who kill, scald, scrape, and cut them up; all the separate parts going through the several stages of cleaning and curing till the result is bacon, ham, barrels of pork, black puddings, sausages, bristles . . . The ingenuity of the whole process is undeniable; but to go through it all . . . along narrow planks and ladders slippery with blood and water, and in the warm, close, reeking atmosphere, was utterly disgusting. My friend was, however, quite amazed at my feeling anything but admiration for the whole establishment, which was considered one of the sights and glories of the city!

Dr. Wallace, as all the world knows, is now a confirmed Spiritualist, and a great deal of the second volume of his Life is taken up with this subject. We take therefore from the following story told of Samuel Butler, the author of "Erewhon." He had been to a *séance* at the house of Mr. Marhsman, then Agent-General for New Zealand, and described, in a letter to a friend, what he saw there as "impudent humbug," but later wrote—

Granted that wonderful spirit forms have been seen and touched, and then disappeared . . . Well; I don't care. I get along quite nicely as I am. I don't want them to meddle with me. I have a very dear friend once, whom I believed to be dying, and so did she. "We discussed the question whether she could communicate with me after death. "Promise," I said, ". . . that if you find there are means of visiting me here on earth—that if you can send a message to me—you will never avail yourself of them, nor let me hear from you when you are once departed." Unfortunately, she recovered, and never forgave me. If she had died she would have come back if she could; of that I am certain, by her subsequent behaviour. I believe my instinct was perfectly right; and I will go farther: if ever a spirit-form takes to coming near me, I shall not be content with trying to grasp it, but, in the interests of science, I will shoot it!"

But we have said enough, surely, to show how thoroughly Dr. Wallace has raised the curtain of his private life; a revelation for which we should be grateful; for he has throughout his whole career constantly sought privacy, not publicity. To-day he invites us into his house, throws open the treasure-chests thereof, and reveals to us even his private correspondence. But all is done so charmingly, he talks from his pages so delightfully, that we feel at ease, not like intruders.

W. P. P.

ALMS FOR OBLIVION.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.—*Troilus and Cressida*.

Shakspeare, who foresees everything, had there his vision of modern journalism. With a refinement of ironical subtlety, he put the lines into the mouth of the prince of wandeaters, Ulysses himself, the typical man of crafty counsels and juggling speech. Had he not, by good luck, lived in a wise epoch that knew writing only as "baleful signs," the dubious hero would have made the first journalist of the age. He had most of the qualifications of the special correspondent, or even of the special artist—he had seen many cities and men, had interviewed every celebrity, and viewed every remarkable spectacle; above all, he had temperament, for was he not a lamentably easy victim to the nearest pretty woman? He could not write; he drew only a very stiff bow; but, after all, that is of no consequence. The thing is not uncommon, although not, of course, among the representatives, home and foreign, of this ancient Journal and several others. Therefore, it was natural enough that Shakspeare should take Ulysses, the potential Pressman, as the foil for his own prevision and epitome of the work of modern Fleet Street.

The surprising thing is that, while every Pressman must know perfectly well that he is only packing the wallet of oblivion fuller every day or night, any should be found to go on with the task. But perhaps it is the delusion of an amiable conceit; and as no man can realise his own death (all men are mortal, save Ego), so no scribe quite realises that his own words are at least as perishable as other scribes', and very likely more perishable. Hence the everlasting flood of the printable and the unprintable (the distinction is so fine sometimes as to be almost invisible). Hence the toil of perfectly organised offices, shaming Pall Mall; the roar of machinery in the basement and the strident screech of newsboys in the street. We are all newsboys, come to that, but the humblest have the more honour, for they present in bodily microcosm Shakspeare's vision. See them on their bicycles, rushing westward along the Strand, on their backs goodly wallets gorged with the latest editions—alms for oblivion! The figure holds, save in one particular. Modernity has forced the pace, and these Mercuries are less symbols of Time than annihilators of it, as far as free-wheels and petrol may. It would not have done to call them "little Times." For that the Thunderer might have slain us with his bolts, presumably a few (a very few) ponderous volumes of, say, theology, unsold but perfectly unsold.

There was one, however, who had some inkling of what it all meant. "Nothing in the papers," sighed Shirley Brooks long ago; and straightway seizing on the words for a title, he enlarged upon the subject week by week in these very columns, adding to the nothingness, but in a way that justified the non-existence of anything to say. It is the Frenchman's gift *par excellence* to write charmingly about a broomstick, just as it is a witch's gift to ride one; but there is perhaps more real wizardry about the former than the latter. For the former, if rightly managed, comes perilously near the divine act of creation—something out of nothing; only it is so seldom something. And even the best goes into the wallet at last, however much we strive to keep it out.

The war with oblivion has lately been very evident at the junction of the Strand and Aldwych. Bronze and stone, the primitive weapons, are still our best in this immemorial struggle. So there rises at the very door of Dr. Johnson's church the effigy of Gladstone "in bonds of stone and ever-during brass." With special appropriateness to the material of the statue, the statesman is presented in his robes as Chancellor of the Exchequer, that all who pay or evade Income Tax may remember their duties as citizens when they pass by—with a sober glow of satisfaction, let us hope, in the one event, and with a stab of conscience in the other. If any have neglected hitherto by accident or design to pay this alms to oblivion, let them hasten to do so anonymously, and the living Chancellor will take them aside into a corner of the public prints and thank them with tears of sensibility. Thus the statue will be not only a perpetual reminder until the day of the New Zealander (which seems already at hand), but a source of Revenue and a stimulus to the finer emotions in Tax-gatherers.

But the eternal irony of things mundane dogged even this commemoration of the great statesman. Through the illness of Lord Spencer it fell to Mr. John Morley, who had done all that penman could for Gladstone's fame, to display for the first time the image of his chief, graven by another hand. He alone knows whether it was the first or second time that he had unveiled that colossal figure to the world. He alone knows which is the true image, his or Thornycroft's. He may have found comfort in the reflection that a living word is better than a dead marble, but he can scarcely have escaped the mocking whisper of the years that swallow every memorial and every memory.

Yet another and more frivolous irony played around that effigy. While it still stood swathed from head to foot in canvas, a strolling photographer, above suspicion of political bias, and merely a wag for waggy's sake, saw in it a likeness to one condemned, and "took" the same. Then he cunningly outlined on his picture a rope descending from one of the flagstaffs of St. Clement's steeple to the statue's neck. This potent he hastened to display to this Office, and was affectionately rebuked for his levity, as became him and us. Had there been time, he would have received the treatment Plato recommended for any poets who might invade his ideal State. Anointed with oil and crowned with fillets of wool—the height of ancient civility, mark you, not a polite form of feather and feathers—he would have been escorted to the next city, and left with every good wish that there, perchance, his wares might be accorded "process" and printer's ink, the surest passport to Lethes. As witness these presents. — J. D. SIMON.

JOURNALIST AND HISTORIAN.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's two latest volumes of his "History of Our Own Times" (Chatto and Windus) do not constitute, by any means, a student's history-book, nor does it take the place of that enthralling diary of the Nation—the "Annals of Our Time." A great deal of material is absent which we should naturally look for in a volume of the kind, particularly in a volume which places no geographical limits upon its title; and even of some prime affairs at home there is no mention. The story of the South African War, for example, is not treated with a detail which admits the mention of the most important battles. Sir William Butler, though the author's fellow-Irishman and "again the Government," goes unnamed in the South African chapter, where a page is given over to the discussion of a poem by Mr. Newbold. Similarly, Lord Milner has almost fewer lines than Mr. William Watson. Nor is the disparity accounted for in either case by the possession of a desire on the author's part to say any new thing of either of these poets.

The history, in short, is written with just as little system as history itself exhibits in its own making. No condensation of non-essentials has been planned to make room for essentials. What is said is said in leisurely fashion, sometimes thrice repeated. The choice of matter in the volumes has, we therefore conclude, been controlled partly by the supply at hand of articles already contributed to magazines and newspapers by a journalist of tact, knowledge, and discretion. As such, the volumes will not lack a welcome among a large class of readers, who, at the fireside, like to live over again events which they saw under less easy conditions in the happening. All men have their part in contemporary history; they also serve who only stand and wait for the newspapers, and go to create what is called public opinion. Many readers of Mr. McCarthy's volumes will, as it were, pore over their own biographies.

Occasionally, in the case of the author himself, the interest is autobiographical. Never was historian so suave. He is the very Lady Blandish of chroniclers, making perpetual reconciliations and readjustments; humouring even the statesmen who once talked ungardedly about allowing Mr. McCarthy's political friends to "stew in their own juice." Here we have Mr. McCarthy, an angel of forgiveness, declaring that "a certain literary style distinguished his most casual utterances." The note of urbanity, almost of benevolence, is there established for Mr. McCarthy, and another and more human silent revealing of himself may be read between the lines of a passage like the following: "One of his [Sir W. Harcourt's] latest conspicuous appearances in the House of Commons was on the occasion when he introduced his son, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, to the House, of which the young man had just been elected a Member. Parliament and the whole public could thoroughly appreciate the feeling of paternal pride which must have filled the heart of the father when he thus made himself the leading figure in that ceremonial, and conducted his son into the arena in which he had himself performed so brilliant a part." The passage gets the added sincerity of a personal experience when we recall that Mr. McCarthy, also a father who once took a son to St. Stephen's, wrote at once history and his story.

This notable note of personal conciliation enlarges at moments into an exhilarating optimism in the record of events. "Sir William Harcourt's Death Duties Budget awakened the whole Empire at first into astonishment, and then into admiration." Mr. McCarthy measures other people's amiability by his own; but the classes of whom it is sometimes said by unkind critics that the death duties are the only duties of which they are aware, have hardly yet shown a delighted alacrity in the discharge of them. A little of the same sanguineness, which Time may turn in his course to justify, transfiguring the historian into the prophet, declares that "the party which Mr. Parnell had created became reunited after his death, and the best of his work still lives and grows." Mr. McCarthy speaks here with authority, but the great tragedy of which Parnell is the central and the fascinating figure loses some of its only too artistic completeness under this smoothing away of the disasters which followed on his downfall. The rill of Erin is one of her sure assets, which no hand should lightly dissipate. England lost no fruit of the victory at Trafalgar because Nelson loved Lady Hamilton: but Parnell's private errors wrecked the political cause he had brought to the threshold of victory. One has to remember that Mr. McCarthy, at the moment of cleavage, did not escape the rough banter of Mr. Parnell; but here is no hint of retaliation. Magnanimous Mr. McCarthy rises high above reprisals. "These events hastened the death of Parnell." That is Mr. McCarthy's sober finding. "I suppose Parnell died of a broken heart?" was the question lately put by an American visitor to an Irish peer, famed for the exertions and sacrifices he has made for his country. "Ah, that is what every Irishman dies of," was the affecting reply.

Very happy and true are the biographies-in-little which take the contents of these volumes right back from the dates on the title into the reign of Queen Victoria. Like the theologians, Mr. McCarthy seems to rate a man's death the most important act of his life; so that, if anyone died between Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee and the accession of her son, he is accorded a biography in this so uncircumscribed history. And Mr. McCarthy has not the provoking habit of deferring praises until a man is past the hearing of them. He has pertinent appreciation for all sorts of likes and opposites—for Lord Halifax and Lord Kitchener, for Mr. Labouchere and Lord Curzon, for Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Mr. Winston Churchill. Seated apart, yet closely observing, espousing no form of political or social creed, but contemplating all, the author has made a record in magnanimity. His volumes, while they deal with contemporary characters and events, will not rouse a single asperity. — W. M.



At the Telephone.

SHE : Hello ! Who's that ?

HE : Ahem !

SHE : Oh, it's you, is it ? The usual thing, I suppose : detained, important business ; can't get home to dinner ; sorry, and so on.

HE : Right again, but I shall be home as quickly as possible.

SHE : Well, then, bring me a bottle of Odol.

HE : Speak louder, dear, I can't hear ; a bottle of what ?

SHE : Odol, O-d-o-l, Odol. Are you there ?

HE : Yes, all there, darling, all there.

SHE : And you know what I mean ?

HE : Of course I do. It's that lovely tooth and mouth-wash I've heard the fellows at the club talking so much about lately. Since they've been using it they do nothing but smile, to show their beautiful teeth.

SHE (*eagerly*) : Yes, Jack, yes, that's it. (*Then more seriously*. But I say, Jack, if you've heard so much in its praise, why haven't you bought me some before now ?

HE : Well, you see, dear, I didn't think your teeth could be improved ; besides, your smiles are perfection, and

SHE : Don't be ridiculous, Jack. You don't understand. Odol is a serious matter. It isn't a tooth-powder or a tooth-soap, or any of those antiquated things which are useless for preventing fermentation, which causes the teeth to decay. Odol gets into every crevice of the mouth and between the teeth and washes the mouth clean of every impurity. Odol is a liquid antiseptic dentifrice, and its refreshing effect lasts for several hours after using it. Odol is such a famous—

HE (*impatiently*) : Well, well, it's all right, you shall have it, and I'll bring a bottle for myself as well.

SHE : Do, Jack, do ; but I say, you must bring half-crown bottles—they contain twice as much as the eighteenpenny ones.

HE : How economical you are getting !

SHE : And bring the Sweet Rose-flavoured Odol for me, please, Jack. The Standard, with the stronger flavour, will perhaps be best for you.

HE : I'll not forget, my dearest Odol—idol, I mean. Ta-ta.

They ring off.



ECCLESIASTICAL NOTS.

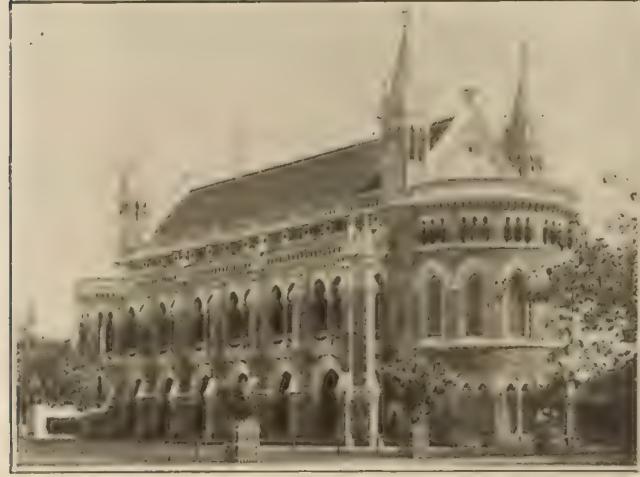
The Bible Society's magnificent thanksgiving service, held this week at the Albert Hall, reminds us that the Colonies have taken a liberal share in providing the fund of a quarter-of-a-million guineas. British North America sent £12,000, South Africa, £5,500, and New Zealand, £3,600. No less than £6,000 was received from India.

The Bishop of St. Albans is using his best efforts to establish a new Essex see. He thinks that a sum of £48,000 should suffice to found a separate diocese for Essex, and build a palace at St. Albans. Colchester would be the centre of the new Bishopric. The Bishop of Manchester also desires to cut his unwieldy diocese into three parts, but for this the sum required would be about £120,000.

The Gleaners' Union held its thirteenth anniversary last week, the Bishop of Ripon presiding over a large gathering in Exeter Hall. It was announced that nearly 7000 new members had been enrolled during the



THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA, BOMBAY: THE EASTERN CAVERN.



UNIVERSITY HALL, BOMBAY.



YACHT CLUB, BOMBAY.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BOMBAY: SCENES IN THE CITY AND VICINITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRITH.

**WHY STOUT PEOPLE SUFFER,
AND
WHY ANTIPON PERMANENTLY
CURES OBESITY,
AND RESTORES HEALTH AND STRENGTH,
EVEN IN THE MOST UNPROMISING
CASES OF LONG-STANDING
CORPULENCE.**

A FAULTLESS REMEDY.

To be abnormally stout is to be constantly annoyed by the remarks of the ill-natured and the ill-bred. From time immemorial the fat man and the fat woman have been held up to ridicule by the professional "funny men" of the stage and the satirical paper, and will be, probably, till the end of time. Though in some parts of the world obesity is looked upon as a claim to the distinction of beauty (!), we, however, regard it not only as humiliating and unprepossessing, but as an affliction which interferes in no small measure with the duties and pleasures of life. Further, we know that obesity is not only an almost intolerable burden in many cases, but that it seriously jeopardises long life by interfering with the healthy action of the vital organs, and that it frequently makes a change in the entire system. The organs encumbered with fat do not do their work normally, and the trouble resulting from this state of things is principally evidenced by the faulty action of the heart and lungs, while the liver and kidneys are often seriously affected.

EFFECTS OF A FATTY HEART.

Those unfortunate people who are troubled with a fatty heart run a risk of an appalling nature, for they do not know when the gradually accumulating fat will become master and finally foreclose, so to speak, on the over-mortgaged tenement of life-force. When the heart is thus involved a little extra physical exertion—running to catch a train, for instance—is often enough to bring about the worst results. What over-stout person does not know the stifling, choking feeling which an unusual muscular effort will cause, the laboured breathing, the sudden pain in the side and palpitation of the heart, the outbreak of profuse perspiration, and the temporary physical exhaustion? These symptoms are due to the fatty condition of the heart and lungs, and are a constant menace to life itself. We all remember the words Shakespeare puts into Cassio's mouth: "Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" We might usefully parody this famous

line by saying of the over-fat, "Oh, that men should keep an enemy in their hearts to steal away their lives!" For there is not the slightest reason why anyone should allow the insidious enemy to remain. With the discovery of Antipon the problem of how permanently to cure the disease of obesity was solved for ever, and the man or woman who neglects his or her condition of overfatness when such a wonderful remedy is within reach of even the most modest purses must surely not have grasped the full significance of such a boon. There should be no delay in giving the pleasant, simple and easy Antipon treatment the trial it unquestionably merits. They should be made fully to understand that the heart encumbered with fat cannot possibly expand and contract so well as a heart in a normal condition. This has a weakening effect on the muscles of the heart, and the pressure of the fatty deposits on the blood-vessels would require more, not less, heart-force to distribute the blood normally through the system. Now, a heart with weak muscles cannot possibly have the same active force as the strong heart has. Hence the mischief and the danger to life.

EFFECTS OF FATTY LUNGS.

The effects of the accumulation of fatty matter about the lungs are analogous to those which affect the fatty heart. The lungs cannot expand and contract in a normal, healthful way. The pressure due to excessive fat hinders the proper action of the air-supplying organs; thusless air is taken in, and less air of necessity means less oxygen, without a normal supply of which the blood is not properly purified—oxygenated. For the circulation and the condition of the blood depend very considerably on the way we breathe, and the amount of pure air we breathe. Thus many stout people are unhealthy for the simple reason that they are unable to take in through the lungs the necessary supply of oxygen. Hence very serious trouble occurs. The Antipon treatment consistently followed soon puts a term to this difficulty in breathing by freeing the lungs from the dangerous accumulations of fatty matter. The many hundreds of grateful men and women who have written to thank the Antipon Company for the surprising benefits received from a few bottles of Antipon (and whose letters are carefully preserved for inspection at the registered offices of the company) are most emphatic on this point, apart from the welcome reduction of bulk effected. The improvement in health due to the freeing of the vital organs is of the greatest import. This and the increased strength of the individual, owing to the tonic action of Antipon, differentiate this marvellous remedy from all others. It stands supreme, on a plane by itself.

REDUCTIVE EFFECTS OF ANTIPON.

The daily test of the weighing-machine is to be earnestly recommended, where possible. By this sure test it will be found that within a day and a night of taking the first dose there is already a reduction, varying between

year, bringing up the total membership to 165,547. An interesting address was given by the Rev. C. T. Warren, of Japan. He said that, in his opinion, there is no country in which the door stands more widely open for missionary effort than the Japanese Empire.

The *Guardian* cordially approves the honour paid by the City of London to General Booth, and hopes that the action of the Corporation may serve as a precedent for other municipalities. "Churchmen have not always admired—they do not admire now—some of the methods of the Salvation Army, but none are more ready to recognise and appreciate the solid work that it has accomplished among the class which more formal and more reticent organisations have failed to reach."

Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") has arrived in Egypt on a two months' holiday. He started by express-boat for the First Cataract, but is uncertain whether it will be possible for him to get as far as Khartoum.

V.

8 oz. and 3 lb., according to the individual circumstances attending each case. After this "send-off" there will be a reliable and satisfactory decrease of weight every day until complete cure—that is, the permanent recovery of standard weight according to height, and the restoration of symmetrical proportions. Do not imagine that it is only the "corporation" that subsides into shape. Every part of the body benefits by the wonderful change. The waist becomes elegant, the hips become normal, the limbs shapely and firm, the cheeks, chin and neck free from flabbiness. Even down to the fingers the beneficial change is manifest. Remember that the metamorphosis is a lasting one, for with the elimination of all superabundant fatty deposits the tendency to make fat of everything eaten is effectively eradicated. Thus the permanent nature of the remedy is assured, and when the desired weight and dimensions are recovered the doses may be discontinued.

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'HOW NOBLE IN REASON! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension, how like a God!'

'Nature listening whilst Shakespeare played, and wondered at the work herself had made.' CHURCHILL.

HIS MIND WAS THE HORIZON BEYOND WHICH AT PRESENT WE CANNOT SEE.

—EMERSON.

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FORGIVENESS IS NOBLER THAN REVENGE. 'He taught the Divineness of Forgiveness, Perpetual Mercy, Constant Patience, Endless Peace, Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew things better than this man, show HIM! I know him not! If he had appeared as a Divine they would have buried him; as a Politician, they would have beheaded him; but Destiny made him a Player!—THE REV. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

'I find no human soul so beautiful these fifteen hundred years!' CANBY.

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'HE WAS THE MASTER OF THE Revels TO MANKIND.'



From a Painting by P. F. Poole, R.A. CYMBELINE, Act 3, Scene 6.

On the character of Imogen, who is here pictured disguised as a boy offering payment for food found in the cave of Belarius, Shakespeare lavished all the fascination of his genius; she is the crown and flower of his conception of tender and artless womanhood. Imogen: 'Good Masters, harm me not. . . . Here's money for my meat.' Guiderius: 'Money, youth?' Arviragus: 'All gold and silver rather turn to dirt. as 'tis no better reckoned, but of those who worship dirty Gods!'

'It has been my happy lot to impersonate not a few ideal women. . . . but Imogen has always occupied the largest place in my heart.'—HELEN FAUCIT.

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LADIES' PAGES.

Lord and Lady Hertford are favoured by having the King to stand in person as sponsor to their infant son and heir. It is, of course, considered a great honour to have either the Sovereign or his gracious Consort to act in this capacity, but the Queen does so more fitly than the King, whose personal attendance on such an occasion is reserved for those fortunate babes who, being "eldest sons," are probably destined to be the leaders of the Court of the King's grandson. It is usual to give the children so honoured the Christian name of their illustrious godparent, but occasionally this is used as the second name in afterlife. Among Queen Alexandra's godchildren and namesakes are the last little daughter of Lord and Lady Curzon; Lady Alexandra Ward, the baby of the Viceroy of Ireland and Lady Dudley; Lady Alexandra Osborne, sister of the Duke of Leeds; Lady Alexandra Carrington, Lord Carrington's daughter; and Lady Alexandra Hamilton, the daughter of the Duke of Abercorn. Several boys, too, are standing in this relation to their Queen, among them the heir to the title of the Marquess of Londonderry—who is the youthful cousin of Lady Helen Stavordale's son, of course, as she is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Londonderry—and the baby heir to the Dukedom of Manchester. The King usually gives as his christening present a silver bowl or "porringer," knowing that this will be an heirloom in the family of his godchild for generations.

It is, I believe, unprecedented for the Lady Mayoress to be the wife of a clergyman. It is, of course, usual for the Lord Mayor to have his own wife to take this important post, but occasionally the eldest daughter has to take the place. In the present case the incoming Lord Mayor, being unmarried, has neither wife nor daughter to assist him in the civic hospitalities, and so he has asked his niece, the eldest daughter of the only sister, to accept the office. It is rather a strain on any woman to be Lady Mayoress of London; her time is always in demand, she has to meet and be civil to thousands of people whom she does not personally know, to dress well on every occasion, to supervise to some extent the strange and uncommon housekeeping of the Mansion House, to attend meetings and open bazaars, and, in short, to cease to be a private lady for the nonce, and become all but royal in her daily life, with the like obligations to constant courtesy, and with other people fancying they have a hen on her time, and living in the full blaze of critical observation. It is a great change to return to private life once more, and though some of the Lady Mayoresses that I have personally known have complained of the tax and strain while they were in office, I think they were always a little



A SUPERB OPERA-CLOAK.

This regal garment is built of alternate bands of Russian sable and Venetian point lace, with a wide lace cuff at the bottom.

sorry when it was all over. However, the Court of Common Council almost invariably makes the Lady Mayoress a handsome gift on the termination of her year of office. It is not a public affair at all; but when the Lady Mayoress has filled the office with devotion and urbanity, as practically all the civic ladies succeed in doing, the members of the Court subscribe amongst themselves, and present her outgoing "Ladyship" with a diamond brooch or bracelet, that is an abiding pleasant memento of her great experience. The new Lady Mayoress is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Reed, of Onslow Gardens, and the wife of the Rev. Hornby Steer, of St. Philip's, Lambeth, to whom she was married only about six years ago. Some of the girls who were her child-bridesmaids are to be amongst her "Maids-of-Honour" on Lord Mayor's Day, and her husband will fill the post of Lord Mayor's Chaplain for the year of office of his wife and her uncle.

The Princess of Wales will think it a charming compliment that Sir David Sassoon has paid her in erecting a more than life-sized statue of herself to commemorate her visit to India. It is to be unveiled at Bombay during the royal party's stay. The Sasseons are Parsees, and this sect show great respect to their women and educate them well, permitting them to have perfect freedom of life, entirely unlike the Hindus or Mohammedans of India. The consequence is that the women of the Parsees are a superior race, often even brilliantly clever. Some years ago, the head of the business house of Sassoon was a lady, and one of such remarkable ability that her inclusion in the Viceroy's Council was seriously mooted. A few weeks ago, an almost equally surprising movement was made in the Bombay Municipal Council. Mr. Rahimoola, another Parsee, proposed and actually obtained thirteen votes for a motion that women should be eligible for membership of that Council. This in India is remarkable indeed.

For evening gowns, the Empire style is gaining ground daily. It is often called the Directoire, but quite incorrectly, as the change from the stiff and long-waisted styles of the latter days of French kingship did not come instantly, and the short, high-waisted bodice is really associated with Josephine as the head of Napoleon's Court. Paris has always led Fashion, no matter who held the highest seat in her place of state. Mary Queen of Scots sent over to Paris for smart dresses and headgear, to try to soften therewith the stern dislike of Queen Elizabeth; and while the French Revolution made the very name of Paris detested amongst the upper classes in monarchical nations, it became the custom to smuggle dolls, dressed in the latest Paris fashion, to milliners in Italy and Austria, to be secretly shown to fair patronesses who would not dare to confess publicly that they still sought out and followed French fashions. So it is still, though Napoleonic Empresses are now no more there to set the modes than Bourbon Queens. Many people, however, regret openly that there is not a

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Court to lead in social matters, and declare that much of the glory of French fashion has departed.

Spain the Queen of Portugal, herself by hereditary right the Queen of France, must have felt the irony of fate when she was entertained and "treated" as her husband's guest, the President of the French Republic. But this charming Queen, wiser than some of her own near relatives, accepts accomplished facts; and, with regard to France, loves the people, however they may reject her family's regal services; like her predecessor, Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara, the daughter of Louis XII., of whom Brantôme tells in his "Vie des Dames Illustrées" that "she never forgot to say 'French' to French people; for although she was away from them, she always said 'French' to a Frenchman passing through Ferrara, being sick or in need, but she succoured him, and helped him to return to France; and when the stewards of her purse remonstrated on the excessive expense, she would merely say, 'Que voulez-vous? They are poor little children of my nation, who would now be my own slaves if that wicked Salic law had not rejected me without cruelty.'" Such a *tendresse* has, no doubt, the Queen of Portugal for that charming nation which now, as ever, gives the law in matters of taste to the world.

In Paris, then, the Empire styles have already so far prevailed that there can be little doubt that the trend of our modes is in that direction. At present, coats for ladies were in light-coloured cloth are the chief specimens of the garments so cut that we have in our midst. Evening gowns are, however, following in this direction very rapidly. I do not anticipate that it will be at all common to see the distinctive short waists—gored skirts fitting the figure closely, although, in a way, full all round—bullion embroideries—*chic* little velvet coats cut off not much below the bust and worn over corset underdresses, and all the rest of the details of the Empire fashions—in England this winter; but if Paris mondaines become really as enthusiastic about this style as the great dress-houses there are trying to make their customers, we shall have the Empire modes by-and-by. Meantime, some evening frocks here made in this fashion are novel and smart. Satin is the material *par excellence* for them, either left uncovered and displaying its rich lights and shades or draped once with tulle. A rich cream satin that I have seen had a short, fully pleated bodice, nearly covered with silver embroidery; full-puffed, very short sleeves, set into a band of silver embroidery, and finished, like the neck, with a full but narrow tucker of chiffon; skirt gored into narrowness, but as full in front as at the sides and almost so as at the back, with the gored seams trimmed down all round the skirt with silver passementerie, this finishing under a flounce of chiffon about eight inches deep all round the skirt with its short train.



A VISITING-GOWN IN CLOTH.

This in four lace-cloth shows the fullness now prevailing in the waist, covered in silk of the same colour, and has lace on the bodice and sleeves. The hat is the new shape beaver.

A more elaborate study in the same style was white satin veiled in one layer of tulle in a deep yet not very dark green—that of the "triumphal laurel-leaf," in fact—called "Empire green" by the makers, fastened on to the satin *fond* by a row some ten inches deep all round the foot of embroidery, consisting of large leaves and magnolia-blossoms cut out in a slightly darker green velvet, these embroidered round with a thread of gold. The corsage was, of course, quite short and puffed into a gold bullion belt, and adorned with very small leaves and flowers of the green velvet, which were gold-spangled as well as worked round with gold thread, while a deep berthe of lace under a pleated tucker of green tulle softened the effect round the shoulders. Yet one more Empire evening-gown, this time of rose-pink satin, the top of the skirt draped all round with a scarf or wide flounce of Brussels point-lace, edged with a narrow line of mink fur; the corsage, also draped with a lace berthe and edged along the top with mink, and then finished by a scarf of golden brown satin, caught in front up to the centre of the *décolletage*, thence passing down under the bust, outlining it firmly, and going up the back, tying at the top of the bodice behind, between the shoulders; sleeves a puff of lace, fur-edged. Gold or silver cord, not unobtrusive but quite thick, is a feature of Empire decorations, and some of the long winter evenings may usefully be spent in embroidering lace with such cords ready for use next season.

An interesting wedding was that of Miss Jessie Fraser with Sir Bourchier Wrey at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bride's sister, who held the bridal reception, is Mrs. Bankes, of Kingston Lacey, Dorset, in whose grounds stands the first Egyptian obelisk ever brought to this country. This obelisk had long been lying neglected at Philae, when the Mr. Bankes of the early part of the last century, great-grandfather of the present youthful owner, had it dug up and brought over, to the vast benefit of science (as it assisted Dr. Young and M. Champollion to decipher the hieroglyphics) and also to the adornment of his own grounds, where it was set up on a site selected by the great Duke of Wellington and on a granite foundation given by King George III. Mrs. Bankes's sister is also making a marriage with a gentleman whose family history has interest, for Sir Bourchier Wrey, the bridegroom, is claiming the Barony of Fitzwarine, which has been in abeyance nearly three centuries. He claims through his ancestress, Lady Anne Fitzwarine. The old peerage, when there are no sons to inherit, and more than one daughter, rests "in abeyance" till the Sovereign "calls it out" in favour of one of the daughters, or her male descendant; and if the King grants Sir B. Wrey's petition, the bride of the other day will, of course, become a peeress. The wedding was remarkable in that there were no bridesmaids, nor even pages, but the bride wore a lovely dress of white satin, almost covered with filmy old lace.

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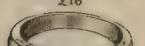
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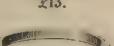
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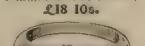
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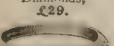
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ART NOTES.

If the prolific paint of the day is apt to pall on one by its inefficiency and to weary by its bulk—at the moment there are five big London galleries lined by canvases painted within the year—the antidote is always close at hand. Classic art holds its own open court; most refreshingly now at the exhibition of the water-colours of M. Henri Harpignies, at the Leicester Galleries. Great associations surround the name of M. Harpignies, for he alone of living painters belonged to the Barbizon School. He accompanied Corot as an intimate companion to Italy in 1860. Millet, Rousseau, and the rest were his friends. Even among these he stands out a distinct and evident figure; for, to the glory of the French painting of the nineteenth century, each painter's genius had a different scope and a different expression. Why Millet should have been of the same epoch as Corot, and why Diaz, Rousseau, and Monticelli should have been grouped by date and other circumstance with Harpignies, cannot be explained. We can only record that Fortune was very generous in her gifts of men of genius to France during a certain group of years.

Though a lesser artist than the greatest of his friends, Harpignies was no less a master of that quality so easy of recognition, but so difficult of analysis—style. He was born a stylist; his whole life-work is instinct with the perfect sense of style; his least touch upon canvas or upon paper acknowledges the master of a complete and lovely manner. While many may attain with effort

long life. An interesting fact is the small change of manner during many years. Like the youthful Millet, who, coming straight from labour in the fields, drew with almost the same mastery as he displayed in later life, M. Harpignies seems to have early found the exact means for the expression of his art. He was never without a sense of composition, a delightful elegance of draughtsmanship, and an eye so quick for brisk effects of light that his work has always a gay sparkle that is quite his own. Corot packed his easel and went sulkily home when the mysterious light of early morning gave way to the more prosaic light of day; but M. Harpignies went often abroad at noon, noting the loveliness of a full and animated light. The atmosphere of evening and morning is by no means forbidden to M. Harpignies, but a characteristic of his work is that it re-



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great heights of style, the true stylist knows no lapses from this precious quality: it is as constant as the individual sound of a man's voice, and as inherent as a swallow's line of flight.

The eighty-four water-colours at the Leicester Galleries cover most of the working years of a busy and

gister all the changing hours of the day. This room-full of water-colours, during the next few weeks, should be made a school for the legion who use this medium. The decision of the technique of this Master, the simplicity of his means, and the extreme charm of his results should do much to educate those who are halting in their method and unfortunate in



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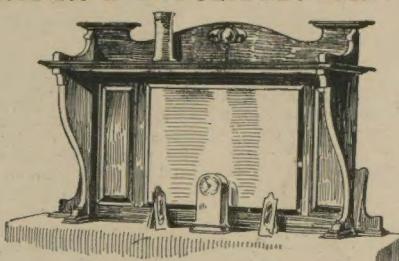
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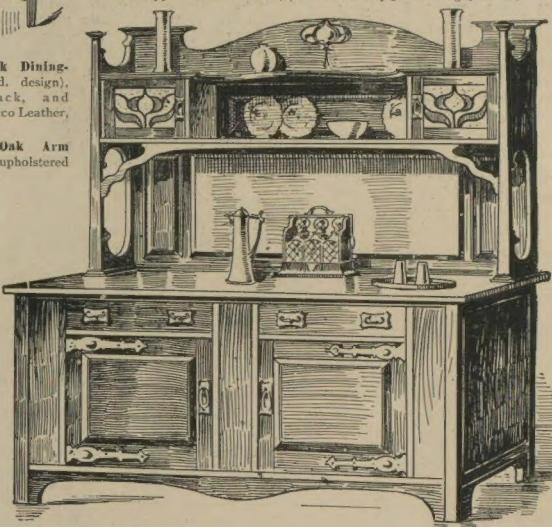


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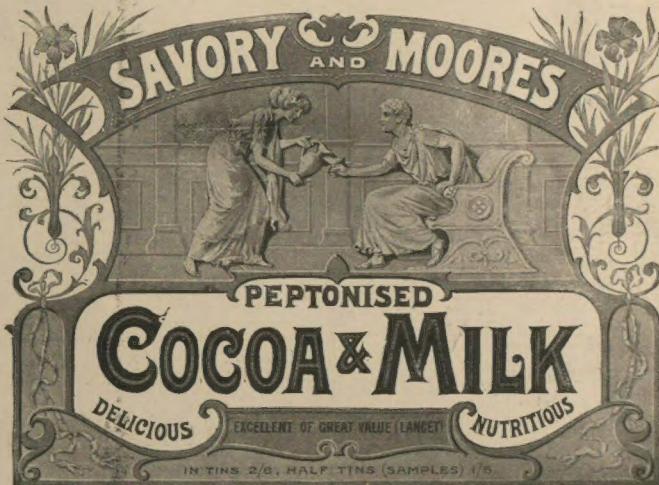
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their output; for there is no other living painter whose merits could well serve so educative a purpose.

Also at the Leicester Galleries is an exhibition of other water-colours—water-colours which are mostly unpleasant portraits of gardens. The lesson of M. Harpignies, then, may be learnt at once by one who can conveniently compare the master's work with his own.

Messrs. Shepherd's exhibitions of pictures by early British Masters are always interesting inasmuch as they throw light on the belated beginnings of England's art, and also upon the merit that was handed on from our great Masters to their lesser contemporaries. It is always good to see a reflection of Sir Joshua's nobility or a hint of Gainsborough's grace in canvases that came from neighbouring studios. Even better is it to light upon some germ of a quality since gloriously associated with a great name in the work of a foregoing but minor artist, mostly ignored by Fame. These are the pleasures provided by Messrs. Shepherd for those who, jaded in appetite, or sated with the glories of the National Gallery, seek the accessory pleasures of research. A fine accomplished portrait is that—said to be of Richard Wilson, R.A.—by Jonathan Richardson; and the same may be said of the Lord Cremorne, by Nathaniel Dance, R.A. These two canvases might well make the secondary portrait-painter of the day—a personage who is in extreme evidence at another gallery—blush for his comparative incompetence. The "Mary, Daughter of Lord Montague," by Michael Wright, an artist of the seventeenth century, is a work that shows many foreign influences and some home tendencies—a little of Titian and a little of Vandyke in the first place; and a general suggestion of much British portraiture that was to follow and survive. Some excellent slight Turner water-colours and two John Sell Cotmans are the only things which honourably bear great names in this collection, interesting for the minor qualities of minor men.

Mr. R. Gutekunst is diligent in supplying us with etchings of fine quality, and if the promotion in his present exhibition of A. Zorn, the Swedish artist, to a place among the Masters of etching is rather startling,

the examples by Canaletto and by Rembrandt are so fine that each separate plate by those Masters should be worth a visit to King Street. Antonio Canale, called Canaletto, typified the manner of his time, the earlier eighteenth century, by his extreme elegance of style and distinction of technique. The accomplishment of his etchings has not a little in common with the accomplishment of M. Harpignies' water-colours, even though the living Frenchman is as essentially of his century as was the painter of Venice of his. In both is that appreciation of sparkling light, of delicate shades, and that certain instinct for the arrangement of objects and spaces. In every touch, Zorn is a modern of moderns: a few of his etchings are even reminiscent of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, and may be a prophecy in black-and-white of what the American will accomplish now that he has renounced his work for the Press and is coming to Europe to study the arts with an avowed gravity of purpose. W. M.

The Kodak Company has further improved their handy Film Pack for the Premier camera. Any film can now be removed for development independently of the others, so that there is no need to wait till the full dozen exposures have been made.

The directors of the Hotel Cecil have just opened, at 88, Strand, close to the main entrance to the hotel, of which it forms a part, a charming popular restaurant, to be known as the Café Cecil. It is intended to serve meals direct from the hotel kitchen, at extremely moderate prices. The position of the café in the centre of the Strand should make it popular with ladies for luncheons and afternoon teas.

Messrs. Samuel Brothers, Limited, 65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., have made the handsome liveries for the new Lord Mayor, Mr. Alderman Walter Vaughan Morgan. The state coats are of silk velvet of a rich shade of blue; the fronts, sleeves, and backs being embroidered in gold, with an elegant "acorn, oak-leaf, and ivy" design; and, in compliment to the Alderman's being a Welshman, the Dragon of that Principality is handsomely embroidered on the skirts.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.
The will (dated Sept. 26, 1904) with three codicils, of COLONEL WILLIAM GEORGE WEBB, M.P., of Woodfield, Wordsley, Staffordshire, a partner in the firm of Edward Webb and Sons, seed-merchants, who died on June 14, was proved on Oct. 28 by Mrs. Ada Blanche Webb, the widow, William Harcourt Webb and Frank Broughton Webb, the sons, and Edward Webb, the brother, the gross value of the estate amounting to £592,800. The testator gives £500, the use of his residence and furniture, and, during her widowhood, an annuity of £3000, or of £500 per annum should she again marry, to his wife; £50,000, in trust, for his son Victor Pryce; £30,000, in trust, for his daughter Flora; £20,000, in trust, for his daughter Ada Eugenie; £1000 to his brother-in-law, Harold Pryce; £1000, in trust, for Edith Jane Girdlestone and her issue; and legacies to persons in his employ and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons, William Harcourt and Frank Broughton.

The will (dated March 13, 1903) of MR. HENRY HILLS MEREDITH, of Marton Hall, Salop, who died on Sept. 25, has been proved by Mrs. Laura Meredith, the widow, Henry Chase Meredith, the son, and Charles Meredith, the brother, the value of the estate being £90,572. The testator gives £3000 to his wife, and during her widowhood her income, together with the funds of her marriage settlement, is to be made up to £2500 per annum, or to £800 per annum in the event of her again marrying; £200 each to his executors; £100 each to his godsons, John Powell Green Price, and Alfred Moorsom; and legacies to servants. All other, his estate and effects, he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1893) of MR. THOMAS SHELDON, of Ryecote Lodge, Clevedon, Somerset, who died on Sept. 7, has been proved by Allan McArthur, and Arthur Ernest Thomas, the value of the property being £71,463. The testator gives £1000 to the Missions to Seamen; £500 each to the Gordon Boys' Home, and the Corporation for Educating and Clothing Orphans of Poor Clergymen; £250 each to the Shipwrecked Mariners' Institution, the Royal Blind Pension Society, the National Lifeboat Institution, the Bristol General Hospital, the Bristol Infirmary, the Training Ships *Chichester* and *Arethusa*, and the British Home

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Glasgow; 75, New St., Birmingham, as well as at 10, Duncan's Building, Cape Town. She has written an admirable treatise, which she entitles "Beauty Rules," dealing with all matters of interest to women, and giving invaluable advice upon Electrolysis for the permanent removal of Superfluous Hair. Mrs. Pomeroy is the pioneer and leading authority in this important treatment, for her skill is marvellous, and she always gives advice free of charge. This interesting booklet, "Beauty Rules," is now to be sent gratis and post free, in a sealed envelope, to any applicant from amongst my readers, and I advise you to write and ask for a copy by return of post, taking special care to address your letters to Mrs. Pomeroy (Desk L.N.), 29, Old Bond St., W. It tells you all about Mrs. Pomeroy's Skin Food, sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. sizes, which feeds the tissues just under the skin, and keeps off wrinkles; of the Pomeroy Tonic Lotion, 4s. 6d., which prevents the skin from becoming flabby; of the cooling and

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for Incurables; and £200 each to the Weston-super-Mare Sanatorium, the Clevedon Convalescent Home, the Clevedon, Tickenham, and Walton Dispensary, the Bristol Hospital for Women and Children, and the Bristol Eye Hospital. Subject to other legacies, he leaves the residue of his property to his nephews and nieces.

The will and codicil of MRS. JANE AMELIA JEGGINS, of Park Lodge, St. John's Park, Upper Holloway, who died on May 30, has been proved by Thomas George Bullen, the surviving executor, by whom the value of the estate is sworn at £61,740. The testatrix gives £250 each to the Ministers' Aid Fund, the Missionary and Tract Fund, the Benevolent Fund, and the New Church College; £100 to the Conference Fund; £250 each to the National Missionary Fund, the Students' and Ministers' Aid Fund, and the Church Building Society; £250 to the Argyle Society; £200 each to the Maintenance Fund, the Sunday School Fund, and the Organ and Church Fund, in connection with the new Church in Argyle Street; £200 to the Brightlingsea Society; £200 each to the Poor Fund, the Temperance Fund, the Day School Fund, and the Sunday School Fund, of the New Church, Brightlingsea; £200 each

to the Dalston Society, the Kensington Society, the Camden Road Society, the Camberwell Society, the Brixton Society, the Anerley Society, and the Deptford Society; £300 to the Holloway Branch of the Islington Dispensary; £100 each to the Islington Organisation Fund, the Islington Christmas Dinner (Mrs. Patten's) Fund, Mrs. Hartwell's Blanket Fund, Mrs. Crouch's Stew Fund, the Aged Pilgrims' Widows' and Orphans' Fund, the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Young Men's Christian Association; and £200 each to the Great Northern Hospital, the Hospital for Incurables (Putney), the Consumption Hospital (Brompton), and the London Fever Hospital.

The will dated Nov. 26, 1897, with a codicil, of CLOTHWORTHY JOHN EYKE, VISCOUNT MASSAREENE AND FERRARD, of Antrim Castle, Antrim, who died on June 26, has been proved by Viscountess Massareene and Ferrard, the widow, and Travers Robert Blackley, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland being £28,829. The testator gives the Speaker's Chair and Mace of the Irish House of Commons, and the portrait of his ancestor the Right Hon. John Foster, Speaker thereof, to his

eldest son, to devolve as heirlooms with the Antrim estates. He further gives £300 to the Representative Body of the Church of Ireland, for building, improving, or endowing schools in the Parish of Antrim; £100 each to the Louth Protestant Orphan Society, and the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Belfast; £50 each to the Louth Infirmary, Dundalk, and the Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his son, Algernon.

Letters of administration of the effects of HARRIET MARY, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF DARNLEY, of 21, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, who died on Sept. 4, intestate, have been granted to her son, the Earl of Darnley, the value of the property being £10,825.

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